

# THE STANDARD

HENRY GEORGE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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"The Standard" is sent this week to a number of persons whose friends have paid to have the paper forwarded to them for four weeks in the hope that they may be induced to read it, examine the principles it advocates and become regular subscribers. Those who receive the paper without having ordered it will understand that it has been sent in this manner and will be sent for four successive weeks without charge to them.

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In this issue of THE STANDARD will be found two decisions of appellate courts of this state which show—that probably not one in ten thousand of our voters even dreams—that the law of New York, as endorsed and expounded by the highest judicial authority, not only forbids all contributions for corruptly influencing elections, but actually forbids *all* contributions, whether from candidates or from other persons, for even such innocent purposes as the hiring of halls, the holding of meetings or the keeping open of headquarters—in short, for any purpose “intended to promote the election of any particular person or ticket,” except for defraying the expenses of printing and circulating votes, handbills and other papers, and the conveyance of poor, sick or infirm electors to the polls.

This is the law. It has been duly enacted and re-enacted. It is printed in our statutes. It has been sustained and expounded by our courts. Every official from highest to lowest is sworn to obey and uphold it. Yet it might as well be the enactment of a legislature in Saturn for any effect it has in New York. Although it received its last judicial exposition not three years ago, nobody obeys it; nobody heeds it; nobody even appears to know of it. On the day of its enactment it seems to have dropped to the depths of “innocuous desuetude,” and there to have remained, except that the courts have twice fished it up and applied it to civil cases. Mayor Hewitt certainly knows as much as most men—yet he has evidently never dreamed of the existence of such a law. For not only has he, like all other men prominent in our politics, made many and large contributions to funds intended to promote the election of particular persons or tickets in ways very different from those alone permitted by the law, but at the beginning of his term as mayor, he laid down the principle that every law as it stands upon the statute book ought to be enforced, contending that if the people did not want a law enforced it was their business to have it repealed. Mayor Hewitt could hardly have known of the existence of this law when he laid down such a principle, for the effect would have been to subject him and all the city officials, the governor and all the state officials, and in fact, with scarce an exception, all our office bearers (to use a good Scotch term), from United States senators and judges of the court of appeals down to pound masters and dog catchers, as well as a great number of non-office holding citizens, to fine or imprisonment. Even the president of the United States, when he visited New York, might under this law have been caught and thrust into jail. All this Mayor Hewitt could hardly have contemplated.

There is in this utter disregard of a law solemnly enacted and re-enacted by the legislature, approved by the governor, and sustained by the courts, a wide and most important lesson. It is a tendency of the popular mind, fostered by the press and encouraged by men who at least might be expected to know better, to find in legislative prohibition a remedy for every evil.

Is there vice, crime, corruption or extortion? Instead of tracing these evils to their cause and removing their cause, which in most cases will be found to be in some legislative restriction, our childish method is to call for a prohibitory law. Then we go to sleep again, while the vice, crime, corruption or extortion goes on as before, and our prohibitory law, if it is not utterly forgotten, produces new complications of social and political disease. Thus are our statute books crowded with obsolete and half obsolete laws, while every legislative session increases the flood of enactments. And while we play at forbidding



results the great causes that produce these results continue to operate.

Is there not something worth thinking of in the proposition that Jefferson drew as a corollary from the self-evident truth that the land of a country belongs to its people? That the proposition that all laws should be deemed void at certain short intervals, unless re-enacted!

The purpose of the prohibition of election contributions by the act of 1829 was the reasonable and salutary one of keeping the power of money out of elections—of preventing the rich candidate or the wealthy party from having an advantage over the poorer one. If any debate took place upon it, and it was objected that it would prevent contributions for hiring halls, employing speakers and paying for the clerical work of party organizations, the answer doubtless was that costly halls, and paid speakers and hired clerks were unworthy of the dignity and intelligence of the American citizen, and that to permit them would be to give the party of moneyed power an advantage over that which could only rely on reason and patriotism. But this vain prohibition has not had the slightest effect. Money is not merely most powerful in our politics. Our very judges virtually buy their seats on the bench with enormous assessments, expended largely for the vilest purposes; great bodies of voters are habitually bought at every election, and save in rare conjunctures no man can have the honorable ambition of serving city, state or nation in high position unless he be either rich or scrupulous.

How Judge Danforth, with the knowledge of practical politics in New York that any man must have before he gets to the highest bench, must have chuckled to himself as he put into his decision that fine touch of irony when he says of the hiring of a room and the payment of a secretary by the committee of seventy, “It would be difficult indeed to find a transaction which should present more elements of political corruption than the one devised by the plaintiffs.”

It is utterly useless to attempt to prevent the use of money in elections unless we make it possible that elections can be carried on without the use of money, and so arrange our elective machinery as to minimize as far as possible the advantage which the use of money gives. Our election laws, as they now stand, compel the use of money. And this compulsion to collect and spend money for legitimate purposes, gives excuse for, and easily passes into the collection and spending of money for illegitimate purposes. The first step on the line of true reform is that which the last legislature has happily taken in the passage of the ballot reform bill, which is now in the hands of the government.

The enactment of this bill may not do everything that is needed to make our elections what they should be, but it will

do what is most important. It will make the vote of the citizen really secret, so that if one man bribes another he can have no security that he gets what he pays for.

It will prevent intimidation, now in various forms so common. It will do away with the necessity on the part of the candidates and their friends of printing and distributing tickets and paying men to stand around the polls. It will enable a few citizens, without expense, to present a candidate for the suffrages of their fellow citizens as well as he could be presented by a regular nomination. Thus it will kill the machine.

So important is the bill; so far-reaching is the political revolution that it would work; so completely would it destroy the corrupt political organizations now all powerful in our politics, that I for one have not dared to say much about it, as under the almost silent pressure of enlightened public opinion, aided by a fortunate political conjunction, it has quietly passed both houses. Now, however, the machines have taken the alarm. Even the republican state convention refused to claim for the republican party the credit which is due for the passage of the bill, and declined to pass a resolution in its favor. As for the democratic convention, it, as was to be expected, resolved against it with snorts of alarm. To the politicians of the sort that composed that convention it would indeed be salt to snails.

The best testimony to the efficacy of the electoral reform bill is, perhaps, indeed, the resolution which was passed at the recent democratic state convention against it. For that convention was necessarily controlled by the very class of men whom true reform would strip of political power. As showing the relation of its members to the system which is now all-powerful in filling public offices, save when fortunate circumstances and strong personal qualities, as in President Cleveland's case, compel the machines to follow a popular demand, the following analysis of the seventy-two delegates representing the city of New York in this convention is instructive. Among them were:

Eleven judges, 5 members and ex-members of congress, 8 state senators and ex-state senators, 4 aldermen and ex-aldermen, 3 fire commissioners and ex-fire commissioners, 3 county clerks and deputy county clerks, 3 members of the board of education, 2 accountants, 1 ex-warden of the Tombs, 1 corporation counsel, 1 register of deeds, 1 commissioner of jurors, 1 ex-mayor, 1 deputy coroner, 1 ex-member of assembly, 1 court interpreter, 1 city printer, 1 assistant corporation counsel, 1 foreign minister, 1 revenue officer, 1 sheriff, 1 city collector, 1 quarantine commissioner, 1 counsel for the board of aldermen.

The names of the other seventeen delegates would be recognized by all familiar with New York city politics as those of beneficiaries of the political machines or aspirants for their favors.

A recently published analysis of the “leaders” of the two great city organizations which sent the delegates to this convention is very striking. It is as follows:

### Tammany Leaders.

Number holding office	22
Number of ex-office holders	1
Number in liquor business	1
Number in gambling business	1
Total	25

### County Democracy Leaders.

Number holding public office	20
Number of ex-office holders	3
Number in the liquor business	3
Number in other business	3
Total	29

Yet how the men who profit by the present system which makes politics a business are the men whose opposition to electoral reform was expressed by the democratic convention, can perhaps be even more clearly seen in the controlling power of the two democratic city machines. To go no further back, the combined nominations of Tammany and the county democracy were dictated last year by two committees of seven. These committees were as follows:

**County Democracy: Tammany Hall:**  
Police Justice Power, Fire Com'r Croker,  
Police Justice White, Sheriff Grant,  
Police Justice Murray, County Clerk Flack,  
Police Justice O'Reilly, Register Slevin,  
Police Com'r Voorhis, Police Justice Weidle,  
Congressman Campbell, Congress'mn Cochran,  
City Printer Mitchell, Ex-Al'd. Barker.

The official emoluments of the thirteen members of this committee holding office are as follows:

Police Justice Power, salary,	\$8,000
Police Justice White, salary,	8,000
Police Justice Murray, salary,	8,000
Police Justice O'Reilly, salary,	8,000
Police Commissioner Voorhis, salary,	5,000
Congressman Campbell, salary,	5,000
City Printer Mitchell, profits,	25,000
Fire Commissioner Croker, salary,	5,000
Sheriff Grant, fees,	60,000
County Clerk Flack, salary,	15,000
Register Slevin, salary,	15,000
Police Justice Weidle, salary,	8,000
Congressman Cochran, salary,	5,000
Total,	\$175,000

The number of police justices on this list is remarkable. Of all office bearers the judges, and of all judges, the police judges, whose power is relatively greatest, are the ones who should most scrupulously keep, and be kept, out of the strife and partisanship of “practical politics.” Yet in New York the police justices are most active and most powerful politicians. And the reason is notorious. It is that their power on the bench gives them, through the system of open voting, the power of controlling votes on election day. They are necessary parts of that combination that governs New York by putting ballots in the hands of the criminal, the disreputable, the intimidatable and the purchasable, and *seeing how they vote*.

All this influence was used to the full for the election of Mayor Hewitt, and his testimony as to the police justices is therefore of all the more weight.

This is what, as chief magistrate of the city, he says of them in his message to the board of aldermen of the 17th of January last:

Cases of arrests for violations of law punishable as crimes must be heard before the police justices. These officers very properly are entrusted with a large discretion, because they have to deal with the poor and friendless, whose rights they are bound to protect

Certainly no one would be disposed to censure them for erring on the side of mercy in such cases. But when the keepers of dives and of other disreputable places of resort are brought before the police justices this discretion should be exercised on the side of law and order, and there should be a stern determination to aid and not thwart the police in the suppression of these dens of infamy.

Unfortunately this is often not the case. Repeated instances have occurred since I have been in office in which the sympathy of the police justice seems to have been with the offender; and recently in two cases the complaints were dismissed, although the evidence of the police officers was sufficient to show facts of the most revolting character. I have no language in which to express the feeling of indignation which the dismissal of these cases has excited in my mind. I do not know that the justices in these cases exceeded the discretion which is allowed to them by law; but I do know, as the result of their decision, that two of the vilest dens that have ever infested a civilized community were allowed to continue in existence, and I have been forced to resort to other means for their suppression. . . . I do not assert too much when I declare that the position of a police justice is more important to the community than that of a judge of the court of appeals. The latter finally settles the law, but the former applies it in the first instance in nearly all cases affecting the life, liberty and property of the citizen. He has, in minor cases, the power of pardon, and often after judgment revokes the sentence and releases the offender. The exercise of this power in order to oblige political friends gives to the justice an influence which is as dangerous as it is indefensible.

In the same message Mayor Hewitt thus speaks of the civil justices in connection with violations of the city ordinances:

These violations it is the duty of the police to report, and of the corporation attorney to bring suit for the penalty imposed by the law. I find that the police have been very remiss in reporting these violations that in this city are almost innumerable. The excuse given is that complaints and arrest are rarely followed by punishment, and this excuse is well founded. Moreover, there has been great partiality shown in making the complaints. Last year over 35,000 complaints were filed, but these were made against only 8,000 persons, showing nearly five complaints to each person, while the great mass of the violators are not reported at all. This discrimination necessarily gives rise to very unfavorable opinions as to the means employed to propitiate the police. The corporation attorney does not appear to have been remiss in the performance of his duty. On the contrary, he has brought suit and collected the penalties where he could do so; but the civil justices, with some honorable exceptions, seem to have regarded it as their duty to protect the citizens against the complaints of the police. In numerous instances cases have been marked “dismissed” without a hearing. In others, they have been adjourned from time to time, even to the extent of eight adjournments, and then finally dismissed. The witnesses have been compelled to attend at these several adjournments, greatly to the demoralization of the police, whose time was thus fruitlessly wasted.

The truth is that the terror of the law is, through the police, the justices and the attorneys, used by the dominant machines as a means for compelling votes and enlisted the political influence of the keepers of saloons and of disreputable places. And the remedy is not, as the mayor says, in the election of civil justices on a general ticket, and in putting the power of removing police justices, as well as of appointing them, in the hands of the mayor—whatever there may be to say for these changes on other grounds—but in making the ballot really secret, and allowing no one to put a ballot in the hands of the voter and see that he votes it. This simple change—the change proposed in the electoral reform

bill now in the hands of Governor Hill—will effectively destroy the means whereby the power of making charges for violation of law and punishing crime is now transmuted into the power of carrying elections.

The resolution passed by the democratic convention is as follows:

Resolved, That the so-called Saxton electoral reform bill, passed by the legislature and now before the governor for executive action is a partisan measure, subversive of democratic principles, destructive of the secrecy of the ballot; efficacious to promote fraud and corruption; oppressing needless and useless obstacles to the suffrages of the busy and hard working voter; intended as the first blow to universal suffrage of citizens by disfranchising the unlearned elector and introducing into our simple system of elections a method which may be necessary under the rule of the British empire, but is not desirable among this free people.

We have seen who it is that are thus solicitous for democratic principles and electoral purity. Here is something that may show what manner of man is the busy and hard working voter, to whose activity on election day the democratic machines are so anxious that no obstacles shall be presented. I quote from an abstract of the report of the City reform club, published in the New York *World* on the 30th of March, 1888:

On election day the most disgraceful scenes were enacted, especially in some of the lower election districts, notably the First, the Twenty-sixth, the Twenty-seventh and the Twelfth. It appears from the evidence in the possession of the committee that the entire election business was under the control of the criminals, who carried things with a high hand, not only without molestation from the police on duty, but in very many instances with the aid and connivance of these officials. Honest and respectable citizens were in some cases driven from the polls by the officers, and the purchasing of votes and the intimidation of voters were openly and defiantly carried on before the eyes of the police. In some instances liquor and beer were frequently carried into the polling places contrary to law, and drank, not only by the election officers, but also by the police.

Among the most active persons about the polls who were seen to be running up repeaters, buying votes and intimidating citizens were the following, according to the City reform club: George Johnson, gambler; Charles Hoffman, dive keeper; Thomas F. Nichols, notorious burglar and ex-convict; “Red” John Sullivan, ex-convict and burglar; Patsy Conroy, burglar; Manassa L. Goldman, formerly receiver of stolen goods; Daniel Curran, dive keeper; Robert Corson, alias “Butcher,” thief and burglar; “Blinky” Henry, burglar; “Lifty” Crowley, colonizer; “Sap” Driscoll; Dennis Sullivan, prize fighter; Ed. Sparenburg, receiver of stolen goods; “Valler” Cullen, burglar and ex-convict; “Chick” McDermott, fighter and tough; John McGurk, keeper of thieves’ resort; “Kid” Manus, celebrated burglar, now under indictment for the Bridgeport jewelry robbery, for whom O'Rourke secured bail; Henry Lowry, an alibi witness for “Kid” Manus; “Paddy” the Smasher Quinn; “Jugzy” McCarthy, counterfeiter; “Minnehaha” Devors; “Big Tom” Sullivan, notorious crook; Bill Diamond, ex-convict; James McManus, dive keeper; Bill Burke, shooter and burglar; Jack Pyle, burglar; Frank Clark, burglar; Barney Dunn, pickpocket, and “Mushhead Jim.”

As an instance of the colonization of lodging houses the Windsor theater hotel, Nos. 41 and 43 Bowery, is mentioned. Up to the day of the election John Schmitt, the proprietor, was working in the interest of the Charles Smith faction. There were 133 votes registered from this house, most of which are known to have been fraudulent. On the morning of election day, however, the faction headed by Barney O'Rourke purchased the entire vote of Schmitt's little colony, and the agents of the City reform club saw them taken out in pairs to the polls under the escort of the O'Rourke workers. The report suggests that Police Court Clerk Victor Heimberger should be examined about the purchase of these votes, as it is alleged that he acted for O'Rourke in the matter.

The agents of the club discovered the methods of the political workers by sending Mr. Timothy J. Daly, a member, to take lodgings at the Windsor theater hotel. He was button holed by George A. Hughes, known as “the Colonel,” and told to come up and register whether he had been in the city thirty days or not. Hughes offered to swear that Mr. Daly had been in the town thirty days, and he would see that no harm came to him from the false registration. Six days before election Hughes said that an officer had called at the Windsor theater hotel that day and demanded to see the hotel register to find out who were properly there, but Hughes refused to let the register be seen. Another notable case is instanced where thirty-seven voters were registered at a notorious house of ill repute at No. 33 Bowery. After it became known that this number of voters had been registered from this house the matter became a laughing stock among the tramps on the Bowery by reason of the barefacedness of the fraud. The proprietress, Mrs. Steffen

**houses all day. Both of them would go up into the lodging house and bring down the man who was to vote; they would be met at the corner of Bayard street by 'Kid' McManus, who, after questioning them, would lead them to Martin Kerby, who took the man to the polling place, and if he was too fatigued, as was the case very frequently, to go up the steps to the polls he was kindly helped up by the two policemen and sergeant who were on duty into the arms of Tom Nicholls, who was inside the polling place. As soon as the man had cast his vote he was hustled out of the place double quick, dropped into the arms of Kerby, who, in turn, turned him over to one of his henchmen, generally 'Red' Sullivan or 'Kid' McManus, who hustled him into the back room of the Kenwood house and there received the money which had been promised him. At the Twenty-sixth election district polling place, No. 19½ Bayard street, 'Big Tom' Sullivan was in charge for Barney O'Rourke. His heelers would bring men up to the vicinity of the polls and Tom Sullivan would take hold of them and ask which way they were going to vote. If it did not suit him he would hustle them around the corner, give them a good talking to and watch them drop their ballots, then pull out a roll of bills right under policemen Nos. 1,675 and 48's noses and give the voter sometimes \$2 and sometimes \$3. It was the most astounding piece of rascality to see the way the police snubbed any respectable person who wanted to go into or near the polling places but who had already voted, while as soon as 'Kid' McManus or any of his crowd made toward the door the police would step aside and make way for them.**

Detective Etienne Bayer, of the Eleventh precinct, was very active in behalf of one of the factions. He called upon a pawnbroker on Canal street and ordered him to remove a picture of Charles Smith, candidate for assembly, from his show window. During election day he intimidated many voters. The conduct of Officer John J. Herrick is characterized in the above illustrations, as well as that of policemen Nos. 2,078, 1,006, 1,416, 1,836, 2,149, 1,596, 831, 1,675, 48 and 2,076.

All this evidence and much more of the same sort has been laid before the late District Attorney Martine and the present District Attorney Fellows, and an effort made to independently get action from the grand jury. It goes without saying that nothing has been done. Well may the machines say to the people: "What are you going to do about it?"

Nothing can be done so long as our present election law makes the question of who shall hold office merely a question between one machine and another machine.

Until the power of expressing their will at the ballot box is restored to the people machines and bosses will rule, and what ex-Superintendent of Police Walling says in an incidental and matter of fact way, in his recent volume of reminiscences, must remain true:

The city of New York is actually ruled by some twenty thousand office holders, most of whom are taken from and controlled by the very worst element in the community.

Our judiciary and prosecuting officers are elected and controlled in a great measure by the very elements they are called upon to punish and keep in check.

The objections that are made to the electoral reform bill are the veriest excuses. It is not a new experiment. The system of voting which it would substitute for the present is in actual use in Australia, in Great Britain and Ireland, and in Canada. It has everywhere worked well, and has everywhere secured the great benefits which we look for from it here. The people of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the other English speaking countries, are no more honest, no more patriotic, no more public spirited, than are the people of American cities. Yet the rings and bosses and the elective corruption which we of the United States are getting to consider as a matter of course, are unknown there.

The electoral reform bill is in the hands of Governor Hill. On him alone now rests the responsibility. He has, perhaps, the grandest opportunity to accomplish a great and beneficent reform, that will cause him to be remembered with honor, that ever came to any governor of New York. Will he embrace it? That we must wait to see.

Since Representative William L. Scott of Pennsylvania made his great speech against protection, the protectionist papers are devoting columns to abusing him as a foe of labor—declaring that he grinds his men to the lowest wages; "gobbles up" Huns and Poles; keeps "pluck me" stores at which his employees are compelled to trade; forces his miners to sign the cut-throat leases so common in Pennsylvania; evicts them when they strike or leave his employment; refuses to recognize labor associations and committees; and pays only by the month, when the state law requires weekly payments.

There is nothing intrinsically improbable in these charges, for this is the way in which the highly protected American workmen, for whom we are told the tariff has done so much, are usually treated in the coal fields of Pennsylvania; and that William L. Scott is a millionaire is presumptive evidence that he pays no more for labor and treats it no more benevolently than do other large Pennsylvania employers. But it is only just to say that so far as these charges have been made in congress, Mr. Scott denied them in the debate of the 17th in this straightforward fashion:

I will stand upon my record at home and with my people. And if I have ever been the oppressor of labor, if I have ever ejected a man from his home, if I have ever endeavored in my life, although I have been, I may say, a large employer of labor, to put one laborer in the place of another, or to force one man in the place of another; if I have

employed a detective—not a Pinkerton detective, merely, but any other kind of a detective—to come and protect my property or to protect it against the men that are working for me, or have worked for me, I, sir, will resign my seat and leave this hall the day it is proved. . . . I have been identified with the laborers of this country all my life; I have worked and toiled with them; and when I start out to rob anybody or to get anybody's money it will not be the money of the wage worker of this country.

But supposing it were all true, what then? What has Mr. Scott's personal character or personal actions got to do with the right or wrong of protection—with the question whether labor is or is not to be benefited by taxing the things that laborers must buy? What has it got to do with Mr. Scott's showing of the enormous profits which our duties upon steel enable the Carnegies and similar concerns to extort from the American people?

The protectionist papers who are bringing these charges against Mr. Scott

mean to tell workingmen that they ought on the tariff question to vote in the way that the employers who fight labor associations, employ Pinkerton detectives, keep pluck-me stores and screw down wages as low as they can, do not want them to vote? If this is what they mean, and this is what workingmen ought to do, then it is perfectly clear that the vote of workingmen ought to be cast for free trade and against protection, for whatever be true of Mr. Scott it is notoriously true that the great majority of the employers who do these things are the stanchest and loudest upholders of protection.

But are not the protectionist papers making a fatal admission in these charges against Mr. Scott? How does the picture that they draw of the highly protected American workingman, as employed in Pennsylvania by William L. Scott, consort with what they are saying in other columns of the great prosperity which the system of protection has brought the American workingman? Granted that what they say of Mr. Scott's employees is true, how much worse off would those employees be under free trade? Granted that Mr. Scott is a hard employer, why don't "protection to American labor," which these Pennsylvania workingmen have been voting for so long, protect them from a hard employer? Does "protection" only protect labor where labor can get good, kind, charitable employers? If protection—even the protection that has been lavished on the "infant industries" of Pennsylvania—leaves the laborer in such a condition that an employer can compel him to sign a "cut throat lease" and an "iron clad agreement," and to trade in a "pluck me store," is it not about time that workingmen should stop voting for protection and begin to vote for freedom?

The Press seems to think that in our comments on its servant girl exposures last week, we took the ground that "no public journal should make an investigation unless it is going to fit in with some preconceived theory which it advocates." On the contrary we heartily commend the Press and would have it push along its investigations. But it is worth while to point out that such exposures as those to which we referred and which are being continued by Mrs. Robert P. Porter, and such facts as that with which it began a similar article on homes for working women in last Sunday's issue—"there are at least 200,000 working women in New York city, and many of them receive wages as low as \$2 per week"—and in direct contradiction of all that it is saying about the superior condition of American labor over the pauper labor of Europe that has been produced by the protective tariff.

By all means let the Press go on with its investigations, and God speed it! It will certainly succeed in convincing its readers, if not itself, that if tariff "protection" leaves women to work for two dollars a week and servant girls to be stabled like beasts, and the only protective remedy is more protection by state law, it is about time to abandon protection and try the way of freedom.

The Cobden club bogey does not seem to frighten much this year. Nevertheless the following letter from Thomas G. Shearman to Representative Bynum is timely:

Dear Sir: Observing that Mr. Woodburn of Nevada undertook to enlighten the house concerning the Cobden club, and that you took part in the running debate, I beg to ask you to make a statement in the house in correction of his gross error in asserting that Mr. Balfour, the present tory Irish secretary, is a member of that club. He never was. No tory ever is. No member of the present English government is or ever was, except Mr. Goschen, and he resigned five years ago because although he was then a liberal, the club was too liberal for him.

Secretary Balfour's name is Arthur J. Balfour. Sir George Balfour, who is a member of the Cobden club, is a well known liberal and a staunch supporter of Gladstone and Irish home rule. The two Balfours are only distantly related and have never acted together in politics. The Cobden club includes among its members all the noted advocates of home rule among English statesmen, and its managers are solid on that side.

It has also had among its members every member of parliament who stood by the north during the civil war, and the men who founded it were the identical men who organized that popular movement in England in 1863, which defeated the project of the French emperor for a joint intervention of England and France on behalf of the re-

billion, and who thus saved our country from destruction.

For an Irishman to abuse the Cobden club is more absurd than to abuse Gladstone, because Mr. T. B. Potter, who is in fact the Cobden club, declared himself in favor of Irish home rule before even Gladstone did.

Yours obediently,  
THOMAS G. SHEARMAN.  
New York, May 14, 1888.

Mr. Shearman is right about the Cobden club. Mr. T. B. Potter bears about the same relation to the Cobden club that Mr. Charles F. Wingate of this city does to the Twilight club. He arranges for a dinner every year in the Twilight club fashion, and occasionally sends out a circular asking contributions to make some publication. I met him in London some years ago, and found him a high minded, broad minded man—one of those free traders who really want free trade, and not like the great majority of the members of the Cobden club, mere revenue tariffists.

I have been an honorary member of the Cobden club for some eight years, but have never heard of the vast amounts they are ready to spend in breaking down protection in the United States, except from American protectionists. However, if they have any money that they would like to devote to missionary work in the United States THE STANDARD will gratefully acknowledge and faithfully apply it.

A judicious distribution of THE STANDARD and the tracts of the land and labor library, and the sending of real free trade speakers through Pennsylvania, would easily win that state for Mr. Cleveland this year, and for a single tax candidate in 1892. For sure as the mountain laurel is blooming, the old Keystone state is beginning to awake from the long sleep of protectionist superstition.

The fiasco of the Cincinnati convention ought to be the final proof of the absurdity of the attempt to run a united labor candidate for the presidency this year. The platform adopted is the Syracuse platform, with some verbal changes; and the candidate nominated, Mr. Robert C. Cowdry of Chicago, is, as has been shown by some recent contributions of his to THE STANDARD, a true single tax man—that is an absolute free trader. The best thing he can do is to throw up his straw of a nomination and go to work in the real, mighty contest that is to be urged this year.

There is now an industrial labor candidate, Redstone; a union labor candidate, Streeter; a united labor candidate, Cowdry, and an equal suffrage candidate, Belva Lockwood. There is also to be, it seems, a socialistic labor candidate, Swinton, a George O. Jones greenback candidate, yet to be named, and a prohibitionist candidate. And there is also down in Georgia Henry Abram, the cobbler of Savannah and genius of the national finances, who will launch himself on the American people as another candidate for president as soon as he can get a vice-president.

Complaint comes from Washington of the over production of "pauletted office holders," as Don Piatt truthfully styles the graduates of our military and naval academies. The West Point graduating class comprises forty-four members; the naval academy twenty-five. In the army there exist twenty-three vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant, with prospects for six or eight more between now and June 11, when the glass graduates. In the navy there are but seven vacancies and only two prospective. "Fortunately for the West Point class," the dispatch goes on to say, "there is a law of recent date which authorizes the assignment of all surplus graduates as additional second lieutenants until vacancies occur for them." But as for the Annapolis graduates, "half the class will be compelled to accept a year's pay and an honorable discharge," congress having failed to make any provision for doubling the offices in the navy.

As soon as the democratic sentiment in this country fully awakes, this whole system will be abolished. It is utterly undemocratic, utterly un-American, and entirely stupid. If we have military and naval academies they ought to be schools where men who have entered the service in the ranks and shown their fitness, should have opportunities for instruction, not institutions where a few favored boys may be taught to consider themselves as a superior caste. We would not tolerate institutions that should educate from the cub, presidents, senators, governors and judges, and to which influential people might send their sons with the assurance that they should be thereafter pensioned on the nation. But this is the way we officer our army and navy, making a distinction of caste between the graduate of West Point or Annapolis, and the enlisted man, as broad and as clear as that which existed in Bourbon France between the noble of four quarters and the peasant. The aristocratic distinction of blood is, in truth, the origin of our caste distinction between commissioned officer and enlisted man. It has been largely abandoned in Europe, but it is still retained here, where all citi-

zens are, theoretically, equal, mainly because the power of appointing to our military and naval schools forms part of the requisites of congressmen. The whole system ought to be abolished, and such officers as we need taken from the ranks.

The Revenue reform club of Brooklyn, of which Mr. Beecher was so long president, seems to have revived again, and with new energy. A single tax man, Mr. Charles C. O'Connor Hennessy, has been elected president, and the club held its first public meeting for the campaign at Avon Hall, Brooklyn, on Monday night, with a large and highly intelligent audience. Thomas G. Shearman was the principal speaker, and even more effective than his speech were his answers to the questions that were invited. This is what our friends ought to do everywhere—throw themselves into the tariff fight, and urge it into a fight for all we understand by real revenue reform. Mr. Shearman is setting a magnificent example.

The death of Abraham L. Earle is announced. He was for years one of the few who steadily urged the abolition of the tariff and the resort for federal revenue to direct taxation. Though he has gone just as the struggle he so long hoped for is coming on, his work will tell.

I have not yet received a copy of the decision of Vice-chancellor Bird of New Jersey declaring Mr. Hutchinson's bequest for the circulation of my books void, although I telegraphed for it. At last advises it had not yet been filed, the vice-chancellor being probably engaged in polishing it up. I hope next week to lay it before the readers of THE STANDARD. I shall of course appeal to the Court of Errors, and, if necessary, to the United States courts.

HENRY GEORGE.

## THE NEW YORK ELECTION LAW.

IT WILL SEND GOVERNOR HILL, MAYOR HEWITT, ALL OUR JUDGES, AND THE REST OF OUR OFFICIALS TO JAIL IF ENFORCED.

TWO NOTABLE DECISIONS OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Very few citizens—and even it is probable, very few lawyers of this state, know that the existing law makes it a misdemeanor to contribute money to promote the election either of oneself or any other person, except for certain specified purposes, viz.: the expenses of printing and circulating votes, handbills and other papers, and for conveying sick, poor and infirm electors to the polls. Yet this is the law in the state of New York to-day, as it has been for nearly sixty years. Not the slightest pretense has been made of enforcing it; but it is the law nevertheless, and how strictly the courts have construed and upheld it when brought before them in civil cases the following decisions will show:

CASE OF JACKSON AGAINST WALKER.

The decision in this case was rendered by the supreme court in 1842, Justice Greene C. Bronson delivering the opinion. The statement of facts and the opinion of the court are taken from volume V of Hill's reports, beginning on page 27.

STATEMENT OF CASE.

Error to the superior court of the city of New York. Walker sued Jackson in the court below, and declared that in the year 1840 the plaintiff erected a certain building on Broadway, in the city of New York, commonly called a log cabin, the same being intended and calculated for public and other meetings of a certain political party known and designated as the whig party, and for the sale of refreshments; that he suffered great loss and damages by erecting and continuing the log cabin and was about to tear it down; and that in consideration that the plaintiff would suffer the log cabin to remain and be kept open for the benefit of the said whig party until after the election of members of congress and electors of president and vice-president and other officers to be elected in November of that year, he suffered great loss and damages by erecting and continuing the log cabin and was about to tear it down; and that in consideration that the plaintiff would suffer the log cabin to remain and be kept open for the benefit of the said whig party until after the election of members of congress and electors of president and vice-president and other officers to be elected in November of that year, he suffered great loss and damages by erecting and continuing the log cabin and was about to tear it down; 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## THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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## THE AGONY OF TENNESSEE.

During the tariff debate in congress Representative Houk of Tennessee, who spoke on the republican side, compared the condition of the farmer of Tennessee under the Walker tariff to that of the farmer of the same state under protection. As usual with protectionist debaters, he resorted to figures after the manner of the schoolboy's conundrum in which ten horses are made to occupy nine stalls with only one horse in each stall.

For convenience we tabulate Mr. Houk's figures:

## THE FARMERS' SELLING PRICES.

Tariff.	Under Protection.
Corn—10¢ to 12 cents per bushel.	60 cents.
Wheat—25¢ to 35¢ per bushel.	80¢ to \$1.25.
Hogs—2¢ to 3¢ per pound.	5¢ to 7¢.
Pork horse—\$30.	\$125 to \$140.
Cow—\$8 to \$12.	\$25 to \$35.
Sheep—50 cents.	\$1.50 to \$2.50.
Butter—4¢ a pound.	25 cents.
Eggs—2¢ to 3¢ per dozen.	25 cents a dozen.

## THE FARMERS' BUYING PRICES.

Tariff.	Under Protection.
Catoo—shilling to 25 cents a yard.	4¢ to 8¢.
Trace chains—\$2 a pair.	60 cents.
Wool hat—\$2.50 to \$4.	50 cents to \$1.25.

These figures Mr. Houk added the statement that under the Walker tariff a Tennessee farmer had to haul fifty bushels of corn to pay for one pair of boots, whereas, under protection, fifty bushels of corn would furnish boots and shoes for a family of a dozen people for at least two years, and in his oration he made the startling prediction that the Mills bill, if enacted, would "put out every furnace, close up every marble quarry and destroy every coal interest" in Tennessee.

The force of this speech as an argument for protection lies in the assumption (supposing the figures to be true) that the great changes indicated are due to protection. Advances in labor saving machinery, tending to reduce the cost of manufacture; growth of population, tending to minimize the labor necessary to produce a given result; extension of transportation facilities; introduction of electric communication; and numerous minor considerations must be ignored or Mr. Houk's argument has no more point than an empty pin cushion.

Ignoring these considerations and attributing to protection the differences in prices which Mr. Houk specifies, his speech might entertain farmers, but it would have to be radically revised for delivery before an audience of mechanics. It shows that prices of farm products have risen while prices of manufactures have fallen; and inasmuch as by the protection theory high prices mean high wages, and low prices low wages, protection appears to have been as injurious to mechanics as it has been beneficial to farmers. To illustrate with Mr. Houk's farmer, who for a pair of boots gave fifty bushels of corn, which would now buy boots and shoes for his whole family for two years (keeping always in mind that it is protection that is to be credited with the difference), what are we to suppose the shoemaker must think of protection? If under protection he has to make boots and shoes for a whole family for two years for fifty bushels of corn, whereas under the Walker tariff he could get fifty bushels of corn for only one pair of boots, what good has protection done him? Has it not made him work harder and longer for his corn? To this the reply may be made that it requires less labor now to make boots and shoes than it did when the Walker tariff was in force, but almost as much to raise corn; and, therefore, that lower prices of boots and shoes do not imply lower wages for shoemakers. And that is true. But the protectionist who makes this reply has no right to attribute the difference in price to protection, for whatever else that beneficial system of putting money into your pocket by taking money out may have done or not done, it certainly did not invent shoe making machines. And, irrespective of that, to make such a reply is to abandon the protection theory.

Whatever increase there may have been in the price of farm products in Tennessee, and whatever decrease there may have been in the price of manufactures sold there, the difference, so far from being due to protection, is due to progression toward free trade, which has been going on all these years in spite of tariffs, and in ways that custom houses can only partly obstruct. Tennessee was a more perfectly protected state when, under the Walker

tariff, tariffs on imports were levied for revenue alone than now when protective duties are imposed.

Transportation was slow and uncertain then; now it is rapid and reliable. Eggs and butter were almost confined to domestic sale, while corn, wheat, pork, mutton and beef, with the high cost of transportation, could not compete with the east. Tennessee almost literally had her own market for her own products. She lacked but little of the protectionists' ideal. She was more highly favored even by poor transportation facilities. There was no telegraph or cable, by which such of her products as were not too perishable for the primitive modes of shipment of the time, might have been dealt in on the exchanges of the world as effectually as if they were actually on hand for delivery. Besides such advantages a mere tariff pales to insignificance.

But the progression of free trade along the lines of invention and improvement has changed all that. Tennessee can now send her eggs to any part of the world where they may be wanted, in few days, at slight cost, and with reasonable certainty that they will not change on the way into commodities fit only for political uses. And, thanks to the telegraph, though the buyer be at the antipodes, Tennessee can sell while the product is on its way to market, or before it leaves the state, or before it is produced, and with complete knowledge at the time of sale of the value of such products wherever they are dealt in.

But not alone has her progression toward free trade enabled Tennessee to enter the markets of the world on an equality with every producer of similar commodities (barring the adverse effects of the tariff); but (again barring the tariff) the products of the world come to her as speedily and cheaply as products go out. In consequence of labor saving machinery these outside commodities are produced cheaper, and she gets the benefit of it; they are transported to her cheaper, and she gets the benefit of that; the population of the state having increased, and exchange having become more active owing to greater freedom of exchange, they are retailed cheaper, and she gets the benefit of that. And, further, owing to all these conditions and others of which the tariff is not one, her greater consumption of some manufactured commodities is sufficient to encourage their production within her borders, something that could never have happened when, having neither railroads nor telegraphs, she was protected as no state would now care to be.

Mr. Houk's oration in which he predicts the putting out of every furnace, the closing of every marble quarry and the destruction of every coal interest in Tennessee if the Mills bill passes is after the standard Pennsylvania pattern. If Tennessee's furnaces are put out it will be because Tennesseeans can make more by working some other way than by working in furnaces. But it is just as absurd to suppose that her furnaces will be put out as that her marble quarries and coal mines will be closed; and that is an absurd as to suppose that a thirsty horse won't drink at a running brook. The Mills bill cannot abolish coal mines nor marble quarries, though it may compel the owners of these reservoirs of raw material to allow them to be worked on better terms, and it is to be hoped it will. But that, instead of making Tennessee a smaller producer of marble and coal, will tend to make her a greater producer.

## THE GREATEST OF ALL TAXES.

Under this title the Pittsburgh Times advocates what to the bridge owners of Pittsburgh must appear like the baldest kind of "socialism." The smoky city is cursed with—not exactly with bridges, for a good bridge where it is needed is not a curse—but with bridges that belong to private parties, and for the use of which tolls are collected. These tolls, the Times declares, constitute the most onerous of all the taxes which the business and citizens of Pittsburgh, Allegheny and their environs pay.

The conference at once resolved itself into a convention, and the chairman appointed committees on resolutions and platform. The subject of a fusion with the union labor party was next discussed, and on motion of John McFaddin the secretary was instructed to notify the chairman of the union labor convention that the united labor party was prepared to appoint a committee to confer with them, if agreeable. An invitation to visit the Banner brewery was then announced amid great applause, and the convention at once adjourned to meet at 8 p.m.

At the evening session the chair announced that official notice had been received that the union labor party would be pleased to hold the proposed conference, and had appointed a committee of five to represent them. The announcement was received with cheers, and on motion Chairman Ogden appointed Dr. McGlynn of New York, A. S. Houghton of Ohio, Robert H. Cowdry of Illinois, John H. Duncan of Michigan and Gaybert Barnes of New York a committee to represent the united labor party. The committee at once proceeded to the conference, and the convention adjourned to meet at 10 a.m. Wednesday.

The session of Wednesday morning was a very short one, the conference committee merely reporting progress. At the afternoon session Dr. McGlynn reported that, though the two committees had come to an agreement, the union labor party convention had refused to ratify it, and the idea of a fusion must therefore be abandoned. During the evening session the committee on platform presented their report, which was enthusiastically adopted.

The platform is largely a reproduction of that adopted at Syracuse in August, 1887. It declares for the abolition of all taxes on industry and its products, and the taxation of land according to its value, and not according to its area; advocates the issue by the government of legal tender notes, without the intervention of banks, and the administration by government of railroads and telegraphs, and favors legislation reducing the hours of labor, prohibiting child labor and convict competition, providing for sanitary inspection of tenements, factories and mines, and repealing the conspiracy laws. It also declares strongly in favor of the Australian system of balloting, demands the simplification of legal procedure, and denounces the democratic and republican parties.

On Thursday the convention proceeded to the nomination of candidates, and Messrs. Robert H. Cowdry of Illinois and W. H. T. Wakefield of Kansas were chosen as candidates for president and vice-president respectively. Mr. Cowdry acknowledged the compliment paid him, spoke of the united labor party in eulogistic terms, and offered some remarks upon the tariff that were greeted with applause. The convention shortly after adjourned.

Now, why does not every word of this apply as well to street cars, and elevated railroads, and underground railroads, and ferries, as to bridges? Why not make them all free? It would increase taxes, to be sure; but so would free bridges increase taxes. That is, it would increase the taxes that are paid into the public treasury; but as it would at the same time abolish a much greater tax which now goes into private pockets, it would not really increase taxes after all. And if the taxes for maintaining free bridges, free ferries, free street cars, free elevated roads and free underground roads, were made a charge on land according to its value, there would be, not only a decrease of taxation, but an actual opening up of cheaper opportunities for living and doing business.

This might be hard on that class of land owners who make money by letting other people use land; but then there is a very striking analogy in this respect between land owners and bridge owners. Land is like bridges, only more so. Bridges are convenient, while land is both convenient and necessary. If you are not allowed to go over a bridge, you may wade, swim, or stay on this side; but if you are not allowed to use land you are in a bad fix. Rent for land, like bridge tolls, is levied for private profit; fortunes are annually collected from it, and the vigilance of the collectors is fully equal to that of the bridge toll collectors; every laborer contributes to the stream of money that flows into the pockets of land owners; the land is necessary, of course, just as bridges are, but is it necessary, in order to have land, to tax the community to give a few men the privilege of making fortunes? The rents collected for land are many times the original cost of the land—in fact the original cost of the land was nothing; the land is a huge monopoly in private hands, and its rental a system of taxation more despotic than any other, even than bridge tolls. What is to be done? Why, just what the Pittsburg paper proposes regarding bridges? It must be free!

And it can be made free by taking its rent, so as to maintain free bridges, free city railways and free ferries, besides paying the other legitimate expenses of government; or if not made wholly free in that way, it can be made more nearly free than it is now, and by extending the process it can be made so free that whoever wants land can get it without putting a price into somebody else's pocket, just as Pittsburgians, with free bridges, could cross the river without putting toll into the exchequer of a corporation.

## THE CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.

It Resolved Itself Into a Convention and Nominates Robert H. Cowdry and W. H. T. Wakefield for President and Vice-President.

The conference summoned in the name of the united labor party of New York, assembled in the Grand Opera house at Cincinnati at noon of May 15. On the calling of the roll eighty-six accredited delegates answered to their names; the representation from the various states being as follows: New York, 41; Ohio, 25; Kentucky, 5; Michigan, 5; Kansas, 3; Maryland, 2; Illinois, 1; Iowa, 1; Wisconsin, 1; Rhode Island, 1; New Jersey, 1. William B. Ogden of Kentucky was elected temporary chairman, and C. F. Henry of Kansas and J. F. Duncan of Michigan were chosen to act as secretaries.

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## To be Answered in November.

Chicago Herald.

Have not the workmen of the west come to see that Carnegie, rather than Carnegie's hired man, is happy under the present system?

## THE PAPAL RESCRIPT.

Hotly Denounced by the Irish People—It Has No Right to Obedience—O'Connell's Cry of "No Politics From Rome" Again Heard—The People Ready to Resist—Cheering News of the Single Tax Movement in Scotland.

BELLAGHY, Ireland, May 7.—The rescript has caused a fever of excitement in Ireland. The news of the papal decision was at first received with general incredulity, but when confirmation arrived in the shape of the rescript itself incredulity gave way to alarm and alarm to repudiation and denunciation. The rescript has superseded all the questions of the hour, and is the universal topic of conversation. In the fairs and markets, going and coming from mass on Sundays, and wherever groups of men congregate, it is the all-absorbing subject of discussion, and earnest and vehement are the comments it provokes. The duties of Rome to the people, the relations and obligations of Irish Catholics to it, are eagerly canvassed and debated, and an amount of healthy criticism indulged in which would astound and scandalize the ecclesiastics on the Tiber if they heard it. The feeling uppermost in the minds of all is one of bitter indignation. I have conversed with a large number of nationalists on the subject, and the universal opinion is that the rescript has no right to obedience, and that the Irish leaders should repudiate and denounce it. One of my friends said he would be a unitarian sooner than submit to the dictation of Rome in Irish politics, for it is better, he said, to live under the shadow of a representative government than under an autocracy. Another characterized the pope as an "Italian emergency man." These may be extreme opinions, but the popular mind share in them there cannot be the slightest doubt. Everywhere one goes one hears O'Connell's sledge hammer epigram being quoted: "We will take our theology from Rome, but we would as soon receive our politics from Constantinople."

The counselors of the Vatican come in for a very large share of denunciation. The duke of Norfolk and Monsignor Persico, the papal envoy to Ireland, are considered by the people the guilty conspirators against their liberty. So high is popular feeling running against the latter that the boycott has been put in force against him in a convent in Cork, where he is now residing. The local baker has refused to supply the convent with bread so long as he remains in it. It is very likely that to Persico is largely attributable the decision of the Vatican. I am informed on good authority that during his visit to Ulster he said he was greatly impressed with the signs of prosperity he beheld in the northern towns. His aristocratic courtesies, with whom he associated, could easily point the moral. What more likely than that they would say, "Because Ulster has been comparatively free from agitation, therefore it is prosperous; and because the plan of campaign and boycotting have flourished in the south, therefore the southern provinces are poor." This presentation of the case would seem to one unacquainted with the history of Ireland irrefutable, and it is to be supposed that it had something to do with influencing the mind of the papal envoy in the direction indicated by the rescript. On the surface of Irish politics there is nothing to show that anything unusual had happened. The national leaders are dormant with the exception of John Dillon, but as the cable may inform you of some action on their part before this reaches you I will not anticipate.

If the peasantry are to be saved from the devastation threatened by the landlords, organization is necessary, and the only organization they possess practically for their defense is the plan of campaign. If this is abandoned in obedience to the despotic command of Rome the tenants will be left completely at the mercy of the landlords, and we shall see the clearances of '48 and '49 repeated in Ireland. This is the crisis we are face to face with. A question of morals, forsooth! Is it a "question of morals" for men to organize themselves in defense of their homes and families when landlordism exists in the country, spreading havoc and destruction on every hand? Is it a "question of morals" for men to protect themselves from legalized burglars who roam through the country at will, mercilessly deceiving their victims, with the might of England at their backs?

Here are some of O'Connell's words, spoken at a meeting in Dublin in proposing a resolution disclaiming the right of any foreign power to assured dominion or control over the political concerns of Irish Catholics: "How dare Cardinal Quarantotti," he said, "dictate to the people of Ireland? We disclaim his authority in making us accept of any act of parliament. He deserves us to be grateful for; how dare he talk of gratitude to us? By his orders we are to accept it as beggars—like aliens, with our hats in our hands and a submissive bend of the body! Never will we obey such orders!" If the Irish members and publicists of the present day would take their stand on this impregnable position they would shed more honor on the cause, and they would prove to Ulster Protestants once, and for all that home rule does not mean Rome rule.

As to the rescript itself. The study of it will show that the good of religion is not the only factor that is taken into account by the congregation of the inquisition. Says the rescript: "In a contest between letters and holders of land or farms in Ireland it is not lawful to have recourse to those means known as the plan of campaign and boycotting." It also says: "How equitable this decision is one will see who reflects that a rent fixed by mutual consent cannot, without violation of contract, be reduced at the arbitrary will of the tenant alone. This is the more since for the settling of such contracts courts have been established."

Could General Workman Powderly have believed his eyes when he read these words? Is this the same congregation of the inquisition that but a short time ago decided in favor of the morality of the order of the Knights of Labor, and that permits trades unions in England, and has left it at the "arbitrary will" of the landlord for centuries in Ireland to fix rents, break contracts and confiscate the improvements of tenants? The order of the Knights of Labor and the plan of campaign are strictly analogous. The one proposes to fix wages without the consent of the employer; the other to fix rent without the consent of the landlord. The only difference is that the Knights of Labor has not so abundant justification for his action as the Irish campaigner. The former can leave his employer without any difficulty and seek better wages elsewhere, but the latter has his capital sunk in improvements on his farm and it is impossible for him to realize their value in money, and if he could so, endeared is he to the home where he was born and reared, and his ancestors for generations before him, that he would pay triple a just rent before doing so and allowing a stranger to occupy his place at the familiar hearth. With this difference in the favor of the Irish organization the analogy between the order of the Knights of Labor and the plan of campaign is complete. The land courts do not count, as they are closed to a vast body of the tenantry, and at the best can only be called into requisition once in every fifteen years. Now what can be said of the tribunal that claims equal jurisdiction over both, but that absolves the one and condemns the other, that acquires the one of sin and error and

**MEN AND THINGS.**

While on the other side of the Atlantic they are studying how to get rid of brain, brawn and sinew with the least expense—organizing emigration aid societies and carefully selecting the strongest, healthiest and most enterprising men and women to send out of the country—we on this side are puzzling over what we shall do with the brain and brawn and sinew after it gets here, and organizing our little societies to help solve the question. There was a meeting of the Woman's home missionary society held in Brooklyn the other night, at which Chaplain McCabe sang, and a bishop and others spoke, and the question of what should be done with the immigrants was pretty fully discussed. Somebody has presented the society with five acres of land in West Brooklyn, and on this it is proposed to erect a school of domestic industries in the shape of a series of cottages. To these cottages immigrant girls will be taken on their arrival in this country for instruction in our language and customs; and from them it is hoped there may be graduated a constant succession of workers trained as domestic servants, and in other industries. A worthy charity, from which, if properly ministered, much good may be hoped.

Yes, a worthy charity. But what a comment on our civilization that such a charity should be needed! If these were soft handed princesses or peeresses whom it was proposed to shelter on their arrival here, and provide for while they learned to work and take care of themselves, there would be a certain fitness of things. But they are working women—women who already know how to work, who are accustomed to work, and who only need to be turned loose and allowed to go to work, to make a living for themselves immediately. There is scarce a female immigrant comes here who cannot do useful work of some kind. One is an agriculturist, another a dairy maid, a third a lace maker, a fourth a needle woman—every one of them can do something that our whole community would be better off if she did. Why should there be any trouble about their all going to work at once, and becoming self supporting? They used to be none, in days when wealth production was ten times more difficult than it is now. There would be none now, were it not that we have allowed natural opportunities to be fenced in and held unused, so that men and women, whether native born or immigrants, must find a master to employ them or go without work. The question greening an immigrant as he comes ashore should simply be, What can you do? To that he could give a prompt and ready answer. But it is, instead, What can I give you to do? and to answer that question a charitable society is needed.

The society of the New York hospital announces that they have decided to abandon the immense plot of land in the upper part of the city, now used as a site for their lunatic asylum, and erect new buildings on property owned by them in White Plains. A positive hindrance to the settlement and improvement of a very considerable part of New York city will thus be removed.

But it is to be noted that though the hospital society talk very glibly about abandoning their Bloomingdale land, any real abandonment of it is the last thing in the world they are thinking of. They will abandon it, in the sense that they will take their lunatics off to Westchester; but as for letting anybody else have the use of it now that they have finished with it—well, you know, that land is worth something like a million and a half of dollars, and if anybody wants to use it of course they must pay for the privilege. What they mean when they say they will abandon it is that they will allow streets to be cut through it, and will lay off building lots, and rent them out on twenty-one year leases, and all that sort of thing. To do more would be an actual flying in the face of Providence.

And yet, consider. The New York hospital society was chartered as a charitable institution. It received state aid in its early and struggling days. The aid extended was purposely very small, because legislators at that time didn't believe in taxing the people to any great extent for the benefit of privately administered charities. The character and purposes of the society were very fully discussed, and it was settled that it would be safe to give them so much assistance and no more. If any one had proposed to bestow on them authority to levy a steadily increasing tax on the people of New York to all eternity the idea would have been laughed to scorn.

And yet the society does levy just such a tax. Their hospital building has long since been removed from its original location, and heavy rentals are collected for the use of the land on which it stood. Their land in Bloomingdale has been held free of taxes and assessments until its value has risen to a fabulous sum. And now that the pressure of population compels them to seek a new site for their lunatic asylum, instead of returning the land they have no more use for to the people of New York, with apologies for occupying it so long, they propose to keep their clutch upon it, and refuse to allow a cellar to be dug, or a foundation to be laid, save after contract to pay them yearly so much tax. All this is perfectly legal; but the less said about its morality the better.

It is reported from San Francisco that the First infantry, United States army, now stationed at San Francisco, is to be ordered to Santa Barbara for a "summer camp" of three months, certain persons in that place and San Francisco having subscribed sufficient funds to pay for the transportation of the troops. In the scheme is involved a long march from Port Harford, illustrating field movements.

The *Herald* correspondent, who sends the report, asserts that the proposed summer camp is simply a scheme to "boom" Santa Barbara land values by inducing an inflow of summer visitors. Santa Barbara had a "boom" last year, which of late has languished, and it is hoped that the presence of a regiment of soldiers may revive it.

The corporation of Trinity church has

added to its landed possessions by the purchase of a large piece of property on Ninety-first and Ninety-second streets, near Ninth avenue, and will shortly begin the erection of a large church edifice, which will form the center of a new parish.

It is well that the gospel should be preached—even though its noble simplicity and symmetry be somewhat marred in the preaching; and as long as the Trinity corporation is permitted to levy taxes on the citizens of New York, it is right enough that it should spend the money in building churches. But it is singular that the rejoicing over the prospect of the new place of worship doesn't come so much from residents in the neighborhood of Ninety-second street and Ninth avenue as from the owners of land thereabouts.

What an inconsistent, self contradictory set of people we Americans are. We want to eat our cake and have it, too. We want to do things and yet not do them. We want to develop our home industries by making it a penal offense to trade with foreigners, and at the same time to foster the special home industry of ship building by increasing our foreign trade. We build a wall of tariffs, and customs houses, and treasury regulations round our country, and then go to work and knock holes in it in the most reckless manner possible.

Detroit is getting ready to do something of this kind now. Detroit, as everybody knows, is close to Canada—so close that many unpatriotic Detroiters actually live and keep their families in Canada, while continuing to do business on the American side. We maintain a custom house, and a collector, and a corps of inspectors, and other protectionist institutions at Detroit, all for no other purpose than to prevent those wicked Canadian paupers from crossing over and exchanging things that we want for things that they want. We haven't been as successful as we might be in fencing Canada out, but still we've done the best we could.

And here those wicked Detroiters are actually going to make intercourse with Canada still easier, by digging a tunnel under the Detroit river. A pauper English engineer, Mr. Baker of London, has made the preliminary surveys, and a syndicate, of which D. O. Mills and George Bliss of New York, and Mr. Laidlaw of the Bank of California, are members, is to undertake the work. Of course the expenses are really borne by the Cobden club, and the purpose of the whole scheme is to deluge Michigan with things to eat, and drink, and wear. The *Tribune* ought to expose Mr. Mills and his associates without delay.

The Chicago *Times* tells the story of a telegraph system which has gradually developed in one of the counties of Michigan. It began by two farmers connecting their houses by wire for their own convenience in exchanging messages about every day matters. A third farmer saw the advantage these two were enjoying, and so extended the wire to his house. Then a fourth joined on, and a fifth, and an enterprising store keeper brought his store into the circuit. And so the system grew, until now it has sixty-five miles of wire and ninety offices, two-thirds of the latter being in farm houses and the rest in stores and offices dependent on the farmers' patronage. For convenience of management the farmers and store keepers have organized themselves into a corporation, but each share holder continues to be his own operator and line repairer. The *Times* asserts that there are already two or three independent systems of this kind in operation, arranged so that they can be connected at intersecting points, and the business is conducted cheaply and successfully.

All this may or may not be strictly true. But no one can deny that it is absolutely possible. There is no reason why it shouldn't be true. And one need but to consider a case of this kind to understand how utterly ridiculous is the oft repeated statement that labor cannot possibly be employed in enterprises of any magnitude until capital steps forward as a wage payer. Just as these Michigan telegraph systems are being constructed, just so, in years gone by, used ships to be built along our eastern coast. One set of men supplied the lumber; another did the actual building; the blacksmith furnished bolts and iron work; the store keeper the canvas for the sails; the sail makers the labor of making them; some lone widow found occupation for her leisure hours in making the flags, bed and table linen. From keel to truck the vessel was completed almost without the spending of a cent of money—and even that little might have been saved if necessary—by men and women who received for wages shares in the completed product of their industry. And when such a vessel went to sea she was manned, from skipper to cabin boy, by her owners, or her owners' sons and brothers—men who felt the responsibility of property and had all the energy of ambition. Those were the days when America had ships and sailors.

For some years past a company has been operating, in a limited way, a patent process for reproducing plates for book printing. The process consists in producing by photography a rubber negative of the printed matter. This negative is then applied to a sheet of sensitized gelatine, and exposed to sunlight, as in ordinary photography. The portions of the gelatine upon which the light strikes are hardened, while the rest remains in its originally soft and soluble condition, and is easily washed away by a douche of warm water. From plates thus made editions of 40,000 have been printed; and as the cost of making the plates is less than three cents an inch, the economy of the process as compared with type setting is apparent, especially where the printed page includes diagrams, illustrations or rule and figure work. The process has already been applied to the reproduction of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, a really beautiful reprint of which is now almost completed, and has been extensively sold, without the setting of single type, or the making of a single engraving.

Publishers have at last awokened to the possibilities of this invention and are preparing to utilize it freely. A syndicate

has contracted for the exclusive use of the process during a term of three years, and will apply it to the reproduction of European books. It is easy to figure out the consequences.

Another of those mysterious dispensations of divine providence. Salt has been discovered in Kansas. It was pretty effectually concealed, but it has come to light at last for our affliction. They have found it near Hutchinson, a solid bed twenty-five feet thick, and thirteen companies are already formed to work it.

It is hard upon the American people to have another infant industry thus thrown upon them for support. Because, of course, those Kansas salt mines must be developed, and we must pay for doing it. There'll be a cry for a bigger protective duty to begin with, so as to shut out the foreign pauper salt. And then the Kansas men will call the other American controllers of salt production to a convention to form a trust, stop domestic competition that way, and hold the price of salt high enough to make the privilege of working those Kansas deposits sufficiently valuable. We must indeed have sinned greatly to be afflicted so grievously.

It is said that the Lehigh coal operators intend to go back to their old system of paying their employees monthly instead of semi-monthly; and two firms, Pardee & Co., and Linderman & Skeer, are reported to have notified their miners to that effect.

The excuse given is that paying off involves a large amount of clerical labor; and that it is less expensive to keep the miners waiting for their money than to hire clerks. To be sure, it is against the law; but laws are made for miners, not for mine operators and owners.

**STRAWS WHICH SHOW THE WIND.**

We want to see all laws which put a fine on industry removed.—*Northwestern Labor Union*.

None of the franchises of this city should ever be given away. They are valuable property, to be only rented for value received.—*Indianapolis News*.

Talk about it being necessary to keep up a war tariff to keep up American wages! The way to keep up American wages is to enlarge the market for labor and American products by breaking down all the monopolies—the land monopoly, the railroad monopolies, the money monopoly and the oppressive war tariff monopoly.—*Illinois State View*.

Mr. David A. Wells, who has studied and written much on political economy, social and material progress, has reached the conclusion, which he fortifies by an array of facts, that the present is a period that has no parallel in the advancement of humanity. He believes that the day approaches when poverty will mean "physical disability, mental incapacity or unpardonable viciousness or laziness."

If every man has an inalienable right to life, then every landlord holds an infringement upon such patent right, as all life depends upon the use of the soil. It was not the intention of our forefathers that speculators should amass wealth by infringing upon the necessary and natural rights of human life; therefore speculation in land should never be allowed in any country, as it militates against the sustenance of life.—*Omaha Truth*.

Justice gives to all the people access to all the natural spontaneous productions of the earth. A just government will protect each citizen in the use of his necessary share, and will not authorize nor allow any monopoly of these natural resources by individuals, classes or corporations. Any monopoly of these spontaneous productions—which man has no agency in producing—is criminal injustice, tyranny and robbery, whether done legally or illegally.—*American Liberty*.

The objections heard in Massachusetts against the ballot reform bill now pending there are either owing to a misapprehension of the practical working of the plan, or else are such as really prove the desirability of the measure. Certainly a system that works successfully with English, Scottish and Irish voters cannot be impracticable in Massachusetts; and, indeed, a system that compels the voter to use his head, as well as the muscles of his arm, in performing the chief duty of citizenship is a good thing for that reason alone. As for the argument on the score of expense, it is plain that a ballot printed and distributed by the state would mean an immense saving instead of an added burden.—*Providence, R. I. Journal*.

The people of New Orleans are felicitating themselves that they will soon be supplied with cheap coal. They expect coal will be floated from both the Tennessee and Alabama coal fields to their wharves and sold at \$1.80 to \$1.90 per ton. It is to be hoped that their expectations may be verified. A great deal of money was expended years ago in connecting Philadelphia by water transportation with the anthracite coal fields. But the water system has fallen into the control of the railroad companies, and the charges for transportation have been so increased as to seriously imperil the industrial prosperity of Philadelphia and of all eastern Pennsylvania. Happily for New Orleans, the great navigable rivers of the country cannot readily be monopolized, and water freights will always be so cheap as to preserve the trade of the city from the clutches of scheming corporations.—*Philadelphia Record*.

**In For the Fight.**

ARCHER, Laramie Co., Wyo. T., May 16.—Until now I have patiently awaited developments as to the course the democratic party would take on President Cleveland's famous tariff message. It is plain to me now that they mean business. For them to straddle the issue means certain defeat. Nothing could convince me more of the magnitude of the coming struggle than the alarm evinced by protectionist journals. Twelve long years this Goliath of protection has strangled through this land with a chip on his shoulder. He has found his David in Grover Cleveland. And now I am ready to follow the fearless leader.

You are right, we must strike where our blows will be most keenly felt. If the leaders of the democracy falter may it not devolve upon us to watch the banner of free trade and rush to the front? True to a resolution long ago made, I will take the field and fight that insidious siren of protection to the hilt.

I fondly hoped that the united labor party would lead, but that is now a vanished dream. The American protective tariff league of New York city furnished me with irritation.

A. G. GRON.

**Single Tax Men in South Brooklyn.**  
BROOKLYN.—The single tax club of South Brooklyn has removed to 44 Court street, corner of Joralemon street, and meets in the hall of the Franklin literary society, room 2, every Wednesday night. The club is gaining rapidly in membership, and has profited by the change, as well as by the abolition of all dues and initiation fees. Collections are now taken up to defray expenses. Politics are not indulged in, and are kept out of discussion. Communications should be addressed to the secretary of the single tax club, 44 Court street, room 02, Brooklyn.

The corporation of Trinity church has

**FOREIGN NOTES.**

The free traders don't have things all their own way in England, by any means. There is a strong party there which believes that salvation lies in protection, and abominates the Cobden club as heartily as any tariff advocate on this side the Atlantic could desire. And, curiously enough, the English protectionists justify their demands on precisely the same ground as their American brethren. It's the laborer they want to benefit—the poor, hard working laborer, who is suffering because nobody can give him anything to do. "Look at these broad acres lying fallow," shouts the protectionist, "and the idle laborers standing round them. Give us a duty on corn, so as to protect us against Dakota, and we can make work for every man of them, instead of having to put our hands in our pockets to help them leave the country."

"Why don't you let them go to work as it is?" asks some irreverent and ignorant one. "The land will surely produce some wheat, even without a protective tariff. Why don't you let them do the best they can?" "Impossible," answers the protectionist. "At present prices they couldn't raise wheat enough to pay the rent!"

A lot of these English protectionists called on Lord Salisbury the other day to talk to him about hops. They represented the hop industry, so they said. There were Lord Winchilsea, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, M. P.; Mr. Ponfret, M. P.; Mr. Norton, M. P.; Colonel Brookfield, M. P.; Sir E. Leachmore, M. P.; Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M. P., and Mr. Rankin, M. P., and others who were not peers of the realm or members of parliament, but doubtless were just as good hands in the hop field. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy was the spokesman. He told Lord Salisbury that something must be done about hops, and pretty quickly, too, or a great English industry—they don't call them "infant" industries over there—would be extinguished.

There must be a duty laid upon hops, so as to keep the tramp hop pickers of New York from competing with the English yeomen. But there need be no disturbance of the beer making industry on that account. Because, when the hop duty was imposed, an equivalent reduction could be made in the beer excise. It was a beautiful protectionist argument.

Then Mr. Gathorne-Hardy dropped into sentiment. He didn't speak as a landlord,

but as a tenant. She was a widow, a Mrs. Best, whose husband had paid \$2,500 for the good will of the business years before. She received a peremptory notice to quit, and, applying for a renewal of the lease, was told that she would be accepted as a tenant, but of course must pay several thousand dollars for the good will, which now belonged to the duke of Bedford. She left her house ruined and broken hearted. Another case was that of a salesman retiring from business. He had sold his good will to the incoming tenant for \$4,000, but the duke's agent demanded that the money should be paid to him, and refused to give the new tenant a lease until this was done. Take it altogether, the duke of Bedford seems to be doing a good deal for the cause of land reform in England.

That titled pauper, the duke of Bedford, who is allowed to maintain a private custom house in London under the pretense of a public market, is having a pretty strong light thrown upon him by the London Star. Recently the lease of a public house on his grace's property expired. The tenant was a widow, a Mrs. Best, whose husband had paid \$2,500 for the good will of the business years before. She received a peremptory notice to quit, and, applying for a renewal of the lease, was told that she would be accepted as a tenant, but of course must pay several thousand dollars for the good will, which now belonged to the duke of Bedford. She left her house ruined and broken hearted.

The question put to each individual was, in substance, as follows: "Taking the comfort of yourself and family as a standard, how much better off are you to-day than you were twenty, thirty or forty years ago?" The replies were as follows:

No. 1.—"I am tax collector. I go into the home of every family in the township. There are unemployed men whose families are in rags and almost starving. I know men who are willing to work for fifty cents a day. How many? I will say twenty-five families in the township. Where there is work to be had the Italians are given the preference."

No. 2.—"I have been hunting a job for the last ten weeks, and I am now looking for a man who promises to give me work in a stone quarry. I was a great deal better off twenty years ago."

No. 3.—"I worked for a dollar and three quarters a day twenty years ago and I get a dollar and a quarter now. My house rent then was three dollars a month; I pay eight dollars for the same kind of a house now. I could live much better than I can now."

No. 4.—"Before the war I got my house for three dollars a month. A suit of clothes that cost twenty dollars then costs forty now; ham was five cents a pound, now fifteen; whiskey (he does not use it) twenty-five cents a gallon, now four dollars. I had a much better living in Buchanan's time than I have now. Nowdays a poor man must be dishonest in order to get a living, because he has nothing to live on and he can't starve. During the war a minister spoke on the public square and said that the increase of prices that would follow the tariff would not be felt by the poor man, as it would all be paid by the merchant. Coffee, tea, clothing, all the necessities of life, nearly, are higher now in proportion to the amount of wages paid than they were before the war."

No. 5.—"I consider that in Buchanan's time we were no worse off than we are to-day. A man had a chance to live a little better than he has to-day—he could get work at something. Money was very close, but, if he could not get money he could get truck—anything he wanted to live on—in exchange for his work. I could get more practice for my labor than I can get to-day. From 1855 to 1870 everybody had money. It was no trouble for a man to get work and ask what he pleased for it. But to-day the employer will say, 'You must work for what I will give you.' For the commonest labor there was two dollars and a half a day paid. If I had been able to work during the year after I came out of the army I could have made more money than I have made during the last three years. Much of produce was cheaper then than it is now. From 1873 times have been growing worse. I do not see that times are growing any better."

No. 6.—"In 1848 I would get \$6 a ton for boiling iron—they now get \$5.50; it came down to \$4 in '50 and '60. Four dollars then would buy more than \$8 now. I could get a lot and a five room house for \$3 a month, the same as now costs me \$12 or more. I had a good house at this (indicating), which now rents for \$15. Flour was \$3.50 a barrel, chickens twenty-five cents a pair, coffee was a shilling, sugar six and a half and seven cents, you got over twice the amount of tobacco for the money that you can get now; our two for five cigars were a cent, and what we called mutton stroganoff to-day; a broadcloth suit, top-top, cost \$25—the same over \$40 now; but butter went to twelve cents it was frightfully dear; eggs ran from five to six cents a dozen, and other things in proportion."

"There was no difference between people—if you behaved yourself, that was the only line of distinction. Is it my deliberate judgment that the laboring men were as well off before the war as they are now? Yes, sir, it is! I always made a good living for myself and family of six boys. Storekeepers could collect their accounts easier than they can now. People now seem to be trying to beat you, and your best friend, almost, will cheat you if he can get a chance. I could do then in six hours what a man in the same occupation now does in twelve hours."

No. 7.—"Before the war, and twenty years ago, I never saw the time when I wanted a day's work. I always was employed—always had plenty of men to come to me and ask me to go to work

## SERGEANT MILLER.

A Story to Read on Decoration Day.  
I knew him first in California. He and I were in the same regiment together—he as sergeant and I as private in his squad. We learned to know and like each other well, and I helped him to desert. This is his story that I am going to tell you.

Sergeant Miller was a German by descent, but born and brought up in New York city, with no trace of his German ancestry about him save a knowledge of the language and the blond complexion, yellow hair, and bright blue eyes that bespoke his Saxon ancestry. He was one of the men of whom America used to be proud—stalwart and tall, fearless as a lion, full of fun and good humor, and with a quiet, serene confidence that an American citizen was just a little better than any duke, count or king that ever lived, and that he, Gustav Miller, was the equal of any man that trod the earth.

When the war broke out Gustav Miller was a private in the Fifth regular infantry. He served his term with credit, and was honorably discharged, his regiment being then somewhere west of Salt Lake City. Miller thought this was a piece of great good luck. He had heard of the ease with which fortunes were made in gold mining, and had seen plenty of returned Californians in New York. He made up his mind to stay in the far west awhile, try and get together some gold, and then return to his beloved New York, to live in comfort.

But when he reached the gold regions he found things were not as they used to be in early days. In those olden times a man owned a claim just so long as he worked it, and no longer. He could sell his cabin, shovels or any improvements to another man, who held the claim, on the same conditions. But the moment the claim was left unused it might be taken and held by the first man who cared to use it. All this had been changed by the time Miller got to California. Congress had made a law by which men could get patent titles to mineral lands, so that the man who "owned" a paying claim could get rich by the simple process of making other people pay him for the privilege of working it. To Gustav Miller's simple mind this seemed like nothing else than a system of robbery and swindling; and rather than submit to it, he passed through the placer mining districts, and eventually found himself in San Francisco. His money was all spent by that time, and of course he had to look for work.

Now a man who has just finished serving a term of enlistment in the army is in a peculiar frame of mind. He feels almost as if he had been released from jail. He rejoices in his new found freedom—in the liberty to come and go. There is no roll call to be answered at "reveille," "retreat" and "tattoo," no going to bed and blowing the candle out at "taps." He doesn't have to stand at "attention" when an officer is near, nor salute every boy from West Point who bears the commission of a lieutenant. All this Miller felt and delighted in. He had an honest pride in having for a time sacrificed his liberty for his country's sake. He felt that he had earned the right to follow fortune for himself; and he was resolved to pursue her vigorously.

But somehow fortune was coy about responding to Miller's wooing. It seemed as if there was just so much work to be done in San Francisco, and a good many more men to do it than were needed. Miller hunted jobs faithfully; but there was always a man just ahead of him who had influence, or special experience, or a pull of some kind—there seemed to be no place for him. Gradually he began to look back on his life in the army with a kind of desperate regret; it had been a sort of prison existence, to be sure, but at least he had always been certain of food and clothes and shelter. Not that he had never gone hungry, or suffered privations in the army; but when he was hungry everybody around him was hungry, too; whereas, in San Francisco, he found himself well nigh starvation, with mountains of food on every side; and homeless, with dwelling houses all about him. Every man who has ever suffered from hunger knows what Gustav Miller did. He surrendered his freedom for the assurance of food, and re-enlisted. He tried to persuade himself that he was doing it from pure patriotism, but in his heart of hearts he knew better—it was the pressure of want, and not the love of country, that brought him into the army for the second time.

But he was thoughtful for the future withdrawal. He looked back longingly to his native New York, where he had plenty of friends and had never had any trouble in getting work. He would choose a regiment under orders for the east, so that when he once more secured his discharge he might find himself near home. There was an infantry regiment then forming for service in the east, and Miller and I joined it on the same day, and were assigned to the same company. His previous experience stood him in good stead, and when the men elected their officers Miller was chosen to be a sergeant.

Eight days after the colonel reported our regiment ready for duty our orders for the east were countermanded, and some of our companies—another that to which Sergeant Miller and I belonged—were ordered to southern California. We wintered at Santa Barbara, were transferred to Los Angeles, thence to Arizona, then back to Alcatraz in California, then to Fort Humboldt, and finally to the Hoopa valley in the northern part of the state. In all this time Sergeant Miller and I got pretty well acquainted. I think he took quite a fancy to me; I know I did to him. In fact, every man in the company liked him, he was such a pleasant dispositioned, good natured fellow, with such a fund of anecdote and talk.

The sergeant had a good deal to say about New York, and as all the men in our squad were westerners, with very vague ideas of eastern life and manners, we were never tired of listening to him. The sergeant was proud of his native city

of her institutions, of her people. A man could always get along in New York, he said—there was room for everybody there—it wasn't like San Francisco, where a man could only get a job of work by favor. And then one could enjoy life in New York, and without spending a great deal of money either. He used to tell us about the Elysian fields, near Hoboken—a beautiful grove stretching back from the river shore, with soft grass beneath. That was the place for picnic. A half dozen families would go together on a summer afternoon, each with a well filled basket. The children would stray along the shore, gathering shells and sea weed, or paddling in the water; the young men and maidens would stroll toward the Sibyl's cave and drink the water of the magic spring; the old folks would sit beneath the trees, the women with their sewing, the men with their pipes, all in pleasant talk. Then an expedition would be organized—a tin bucket brigade—to scale the rocky palisades and storm the farm houses above, where delicious fresh milk could be had for three cents a quart, and buttermilk for next to nothing. And then the baskets would be opened, and the rounds of beef brought out, and the home made bread and cake and pies, and the pickles and the coffee, and a bottle or two of honest beer, and spread upon the grass. And so, in simple, kindly, honest style, the picnickers would gather round, the old folks and the young folks, the grandmothers and toddling tots, and eat and drink and be merry underneath the branching trees. I have never seen the Elysian fields; they had vanished into bricks and mortar before I came to New York. But I never look across the river to the rocky palisades without thinking of Sergeant Miller as I used to know him in those days—cheerful, good humored, and forever talking about the city of his soul.

But I noticed that the more the sergeant talked about New York, the more home sick he became. I couldn't see that the other boys observed it, but I could detect a shade of sadness in his manner. When we were alone together he would dwell upon his disappointment that the regiment had not been ordered to the east, and speculate upon the chances of our going there after all. I fancy he gave more of his confidence to me than to any other of his comrades; and to me he made no secret of his willingness to resort to almost any expedient to get away. Of course I pointed out to him the unreasonableness of all this; but home sickness is an altogether unreasonable complaint, and my talk didn't produce the slightest effect upon him.

At last the crisis came. We learned that our regiment would serve out its time on the Pacific coast, and heard at the same time that a cavalry battalion was being enlisted in San Francisco for service east. Sergeant Miller confided to me that he could only manage to scrape together money enough to see him through he had made up his mind to desert, go down to San Francisco, and enlist in that cavalry battalion. It was no use reasoning with him. His mind was thoroughly made up, and the only thing to be settled was whether I would help him get away or not. I resolved to help him.

As luck would have it, the paymaster, who had been long overdue, arrived in camp and paid us off; then the sergeant was able to lay his plans. It was somewhat dangerous to desert in that region. The next settlement was fully fifty miles away; the mountain Indians were hostile, and those in the valley would be only too glad to earn a reward by capturing a runaway. Another trouble was that the sergeant was known to all the Indians round the camp. But he was desperately resolved to run the risk, and I had promised to assist him.

Our first care was to cache some provisions, a rifle and a wood knife, in the woods near the camp. And when next we found ourselves on pass after a turn of guard duty we started off, got the things from the cache and pushed towards the nearest settlement. I traveled about ten miles with the sergeant, leaving him at nightfall and getting back to the camp about midnight, having seen him safely over the most dangerous part of his journey.

Of course there was a good deal of trouble when it was found that Miller had deserted, and search parties were sent out after him, and friendly Indians engaged, but to no purpose. The sergeant had got clean off; and, luckily for me, my share in his evasion was never even suspected. I got a letter from him after a while, telling me that he had arrived safely in San Francisco, had enlisted in the cavalry battalion and was about to sail in a day or two for the seat of war in the east. A second letter, written on board the Golden Gate, at Acapulco, told me that on the trip down the coast he had surrendered himself as a deserter, at the same time frankly telling the commanding officer his whole story. In violation of all military law, the major in command not only allowed him to return to duty, but appointed him a sergeant. So he was still Sergeant Miller.

We drifted apart. I heard afterward, indirectly, that Sergeant Miller had been promoted to a lieutenancy for gallant conduct, but I never got a letter from him again.

I used to get through my work on *Truth* every one o'clock in the morning, and after a late supper or early breakfast—whichever you choose to call it—would take the cars for home. Traveling homeward thus one stormy night, in company with one of *Truth's* reporters, I happened to observe a knot of men gathered round the storm door of the entrance to the office of the *Staatszeitung*. I drew my companion's attention to the gathering, and asked him if he had any idea of its meaning.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "they are men looking for work, and they are waiting for the *Staatszeitung* to come out, so they can read the advertisements for help in time to make early application."

"But," said I, surprised, "it is only about half-past one o'clock, and the *Staatszeitung* doesn't go to press until about three."

"Some of them," said my friend, "have been standing there since eleven o'clock. They are standing in line; the man who is nearest the door will get the first paper;

and I believe it is considered worth while to get into line early on that account."

This was something new in my experience. I had not supposed that people in want of work had to get up in the middle of the night and stand for several hours in the rain to look for it. But, thought I—I didn't know as much about New York then as I do now—this may be an exceptionally dull time.

"Not at all," said my companion when I put the question to him. "It's just like that every morning. Within an hour from now there'll be a big crowd round the *Staatszeitung*'s office, waiting for the paper—many of them, poor devils, without three cents to buy it with."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that men will stand in the cold and wet for three or four hours for the chance of seeing an advertisement as soon as it comes out?"

"That's what I mean to tell you." Then, after a pause, he said: "You seem to be interested. Would you like to be one of that crowd to-morrow night? I'll go with you if you'll see the thing through."

"All right," I replied. "We'll go together after the paper is up."

And we went accordingly. It was again a cold and stormy night—not a steady rain, but a fierce east wind that chilled us to the marrow, and ever and anon swept down fierce gusts of sleet and mist. The crowd was there, as my companion had promised, and as the hours wore on it grew denser and denser. Most of them, of course, were Germans. Some had overcoats, some none. All were shivering with cold. But not a man fell out of his place, or showed any sign of wavering in his purpose. It was a dreadful sight to watch their faces, pinched with poverty and lined with care, not lighted with any ray of hope, but simply set in half despairing determination. It was a sight to make a man curse the power that thrust human beings into the world only to find that there was no place there for them.

"Pretty tough, ain't it?" whispered my companion. "And when some of these cases go begging bread to-morrow, folks 'll turn 'em away and ask why the devil they don't go to work! They're just fools, these fellows! You bet, if I was hard up as they are, I wouldn't be standing here freezing and soaking."

"Why, what else could you do?" I asked.

"Do! Why I'd just get a brick, wait till a policeman came along and smash a plate glass window! That'd get me work, and food and lodging with it, for six weeks at least. There are plenty of men support themselves every winter that way. These men 'll do so next winter—those of them that live so long. They haven't learned how to be poor yet—that's all the matter with them."

At last the *Staatszeitung* began to show signs of life. Through the plate glass doors we could see a couple of clerks moving leisurely about. One stopped and said something, at which both laughed. Then they lit their cigars and began lazily turning over a couple of big books. It seemed maddening to me to see that crowd of want and wretchedness and enforced idleness without the warmth and comfort within, and the locked door between the two. But the crowd didn't seem to mind it. They just looked as dogged and patient as before.

Presently a man in his shirt sleeves appeared behind the counter, with a pile of papers in his arms. Then the crowd outside showed signs of life. They pressed each other more closely, and wedged themselves into a solid mass. The two clerks counted the papers, while the shirt sleeved porter slowly toward the doors. I could feel the men next me gathering themselves together, and bracing their muscles as a runner does when waiting for the word start. Then the doors were opened, and at once, as it seemed to me, the whole crowd surged into the office in a great wave, and a hundred hands were stretched out for papers. Some, when they got their papers, rushed to the office gas lights and began eagerly to scan the advertising pages. Others went outside and read beneath the street lamps and by the store windows. Wherever in the neighborhood there was light enough to read a paper by, there a reader was to be found.

WILLIAM McCABE.

nized him in a moment, and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Your name is Miller," I said, "and you served in company I, Second California Infantry. Don't you know me?"

He looked at me closely with a curious, scared glance. Then with a sob that was half a groan he said: "My God! It's Mac! It's Mac!" And then his poor head went down upon the arm that rested on the bar, and Sergeant Miller cried like a little child. I saw him do it through the misty veil of my own tears. I couldn't keep them back. There are moments when a man must either weep or kill somebody!

Yes, it was my old friend the sergeant, come back after a score of years. Sergeant Miller here in the city of his birth, that he had loved so fondly and used to speak about so proudly. The yellow hair was faded into a dry brown; the ruddy cheeks were pinched and drawn; the martial front and ready smile were gone. But it was Sergeant Miller still—my comrade of years gone by—and my soul went out to him. I put my arm around his neck and grasped the hand on which his face was lying. "Come, take me where you live, old man," I said; "this is no place for us to talk."

My reporter friend had vanished. Sergeant Miller passed his arm about my shoulder, and together we went forth into the city he had so often wished to show me.

Ah, well! it was the same old story. You can hear it a hundred times a day from American citizens who are sawing wood in charity wood yards, or rushing eagerly after situations as clerks, and book keepers, and salesmen, and envelope addressers, at wages that will barely suffice to keep soul sticking to body. You can hear it, too, from American citizens who have given up the struggle and thrown self-respect to the winds, and get a living as tramps or jail birds. Improvidence, as the gentleman with whom I was stopping was about to ignore it, I noticed that he used a peculiar kind of match, the like of which I had never seen before. I examined one of them and found that it was a finished product of nature, procured in great abundance from a certain thornlike shrub that grew in every locality. The gas, as I afterward learned, came from natural fountains and afforded an unfailing supply the season through. As I examined further, enlightened by information freely accorded by my host, the awesome truth dawned upon me that all the products of nature were supplied to the people by their creator in a complete and finished state, instead of, as with us, in the raw material which must by skill and labor be worked up into conditions and shapes adapted to human comfort. This explained why there were no stores or factories to be seen—none were needed, as everything that the heart could desire was provided by a superhuman artificer.

Bread, for instance, was found in inexhaustible quantities on a certain broad leaved tree; when taken from the branches it was wrapped or enveloped in a peculiar tissue, much like the Japanese paper napkins we sometimes use at our tables, and was always fresh and sweet. Milk was taken from natural springs, and butter, in beautiful prints, was suspended in the midst of cool and sparkling fountains of water. And so on through the long list of articles of human comfort and utility—everything was supplied by nature without cost either of money, time or labor. The one exception was in the matter of buildings, they being erected by the labor of human hands. When I inquired about this, my host—who seemed to be a pious and devout man—said that while in other lands God had placed in the earth the raw materials to be wrought by intelligence and toil into such designs as would conduce to the comfort of man, he and his fellows had nothing to do except take their ease. New and improved residences were being erected as occasion demanded, but the work was all done by the gentlemen of the community. He said that as there was no work to do they need the exercise of recreation, and they found delight and pride in building residences, as, in our land, men enjoy coaching, pedestrianism and other methods of setting the blood in motion and developing the muscles; that building houses was a sort of gymnastic exercise, as it were, which gratified the demands of the physical organization and left a pleasing and enduring monument of their skill and industry.

I expressed my astonishment in such terms as I could command—for, indeed, I was filled with wonder and awe—and inquired if they had no poor people among them. I remembered his reply because it seemed singular at the time: "We have poor people, but not among us exactly. To-morrow I will take you to the district occupied by them, and give you some information concerning that place of our civilization."

The next day we drove some twenty miles over the splendid roads, reaching, in a surprisingly brief time, a massive stone wall much like the wall of China, as described by travelers. In this wall was a massive gate which was opened by my friend, he using for the key a peculiar key which he took from his pocket. While so doing he explained that the barrier was so constructed that it was absolutely impossible for any one to mount it, or gain the far side, without the assistance of such a key as the one in his hand, these keys being exclusively in the possession of the gentry who lived on the same side as himself. I was at a loss to understand all this, until it was explained to me that I shall describe farther on.

As we passed through the gate I noticed a startling change from the conditions which I had previously observed, and of which I have given a brief and very imperfect description. The ground was exceedingly broken and the soil unproductive. I found that on this side of the wall nature did not produce articles in their completed state; in fact did not yield anything but the barest and most meager subsistence in return for the severest and most laborious application. The people were wan, ignorant, hopeless, brutal, immoral, broken by unceasing toil and insufficient subsistence. They dwelt in the rudest huts and burrows, and were, in all respects, the very opposite of the people on the other side of the wall. In little while I was overcome with a feeling of oppression, of great sorrow and pity that made me sick at heart, and I requested my friend—who seemed to look upon the matter as something familiar and unworthy of sympathy—to take me away from a scene of misery and degradation such as I hope never to look upon again.

During our return drive I learned that during the course of years there had grown up a class of landless people. Some were castaways, others had been disinherited, a number were criminals whose property had been confiscated by the state, and a few had gambled away their inheritance. For a time this lower, or pariah, class had been supported as a sort of charity by the landed proprietors, but as they increased rapidly in numbers they became a great nuisance to the gentry, and something had to be done. The poor lands beyond the wall had never been occupied because of their unproductiveness and general physical disadvantages. The matter was canvassed and arranged, the poor people were set to work building the wall, and when it was completed they were formally banished, to exist as I have described. The separation was as complete as that between Dives and Lazarus when the one was in paradise and the other in hell.

Christianity Advancing.

New York Sun.

The trustees of the West Presbyterian church in Forty-second street, at a meeting on Wednesday night, unanimously voted to increase the salary of the Rev. John R. Paxton from \$12,000 to \$15,000.

## FEWMENSLAND.

A true account of my adventures in Fewmensland will be received with incredulity by my readers, but I feel it my duty to record them, trusting to future discoveries to justify my statements and place my name on the honorable roll of explorers rather than that of the novelists and romantics.

I suppose that such a country surpasses the wildest flights of the sober imagination. I cannot find words to express the impressions that filled my mind on the occasion of my first visit, and that increase in intensity and interest as my recollection calls up the incidents of that truly remarkable experience.

I find myself able to attempt only a brief and inadequate description of some of the salient features of that strange locality and people.

My first impression on looking about me was that all of the improvements were of the finest and most substantial kind. The houses, bridges, fences, roads and other structures could not be improved upon by human skill and labor.

The residences were, without exception, magnificent—such as might befit a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller or our own luxuriant land and age. But to my astonishment I failed to discover a store, mill or factory of any description. This fact caused me to wonder exceedingly, but it finally occurred to me that such necessary adjuncts to a high and refined civilization must be located in some remote spot, so that the elegant tastes of this exalted people might not be offended by the reminders of commonplace toll.

The next thing to excite my astonishment was that the heating and lighting of the company was accomplished by burning a peculiar aromatic gas, which gave a brilliant illumination, and, when desired, intense heat.

As the gentleman with whom I was staying was about to ignite the gas I noticed that he used a peculiar kind of match, the like of which I had never seen before. I examined it and found that it was a finished product of nature, procured in great abundance from a certain thornlike shrub that grew in every locality.

"But," said I, "do you not feel that it is an arbitrary and unjust procedure to shut this class out from the freedom of the land and the inexhaustible store of bounties which God has provided?"

"I see that you do not understand our advanced, and I may say, perfect, social system. Your implication does not follow by any means. The soil, and all it contains, belongs to us; we have a rightful claim to the possession of our own property, and that wall of separation is simply a legal procedure to prevent trespassing upon property, and the annoyance of our people. If it were not for that no man's possessions would be safe for an hour."

I was afraid I was going too far, but I could not help saying, "You believe in God; you admit

## QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

## Misleading Figures.

**EUREKA**, Cal.—How near to the truth is this clipping from the *Humboldt Times*: "The Singer sewing machine company has two machine works, one in Scotland and one in New Jersey. The wages in the former average \$8 per week and in the latter \$13. The work is precisely the same in both factories, and if the policy of free trade should be carried in the United States, the wages would become nearly the same in both countries—that is, the \$13 given in New Jersey would be reduced to little more than the wages in Scotland." This is a lumbering and wool raising country, and of course the people here are very much worried over the Mills bill, lest the laboring man may be ruined if it should pass and the clipping is a fair specimen of the arguments brought to bear on men who have to work eleven hours a day in the mills for \$40 a month. They think free trade would reduce their wages about the same here as it would the wages of the sewing machine workers above referred to. I have been talking with some of the laboring men here, and learn that something recently happened which is making them do some thinking. About three years ago the price of lumber dropped from \$11 per thousand to \$8, so the mill men had to reduce the wages of all their men who were getting more than one dollar per day. They told me it was a necessity and the men took the reduction as a matter of course. But about one year ago lumber took a jump up to \$14 per thousand, and the workmen expected their wages would be raised to as much if not more than before the price of lumber went down. They said nothing however until a few days ago when some of these workmen went to one of the richest of our redwood kings and asked him to raise wages as the price of lumber had gone up. But he told him that the price of lumber had nothing to do with the price of their labor as he could get plenty of men who would be glad to work for the wages he was paying them. Some of these workmen have now come to think that it won't make much difference if lumber is put on the free list.

H. D. WAGNER.

I do not know how much the Singer sewing machine company pays its New Jersey workmen, nor how much it pays its workmen in Scotland; but it does not require an eye capable of penetrating a grindstone to see that if the Singer sewing machine company were really paying almost three times as much for Jerseymen as it is paying for Scotchmen it would waste no time in bringing a supply of Scotchmen to New Jersey.

If you choose to take the trouble to investigate you will find a striking difference in cost of living, in regularity of employment, and probably in the figures themselves; and if you carry your investigations somewhat further it is safe to say, judging from the results of similar investigations, that the workmen in New Jersey are as cheap as the workmen in Scotland in that they turn out their work more rapidly. But assuming that sewing machine makers wages were to fall to \$5 a week under free trade, what would happen? Every man employed in that industry would go into something that paid better; and that they would not have to do this is proved by the fact that even with our alleged higher wages we now export sewing machines.

Your red wood king understood the philosophy of wages perfectly. They are governed by the supply of labor, and not by the price of product, whether the product be lumber or sewing machines. The mill men did not have to reduce wages when lumber fell; they reduced them because it so happened that a large supply of labor in the lumber regions and the fall of lumber prices were coincident. All that the tariff does for lumber regions is to make lumber land more valuable. If it increased the profits of lumber dealers, so many would go into the business that the profits would fall again; if it increased the wages of lumbermen, so many would apply for jobs at lumbering that the wages would fall; but as it increases the value of lumber land that value sticks because other lumber land is shut out from competition. Take the tariff off of lumber and our lumber land will be cheaper, because it must then compete with all lumber land; increase the tariff and it will be dearer, because it will then be still more difficult for foreign lumber land to compete with it. You people in lumber regions ought to see very clearly that the tariff benefits not the workingman, but the landlord.

**NEW HAMPTON**, N. H.—Why is that a duty on an imported article makes every article of the same kind manufactured at home just so much higher?

In a discussion on this point I mentioned the fact that ninety per cent of our manufactures could, even without a duty, be produced cheaper here than anywhere else. Then the question was asked me, if that were true, why with the duty are not the ninety per cent sold cheaper here than they could be brought in for? Or, in other words, then competition would even render them cheaper here, so the duty would not have any effect nor make the articles any higher. Now, I believe they do come higher here than they would without the duty.

H. L. BUZZEL.

A duty on an imported article does not make every article of the same kind manufactured here just so much dearer. Domestic competition may reduce the price of an article of general use considerably below the cost of production plus the tariff. But, if it reduces it so that the foreign article cannot compete, there is no excuse for a tariff; and if it does not reduce it so low as that, American consumers are compelled by law to pay arbitrary prices to certain American producers.

I do not know whether ninety per cent of our manufactures could be produced here cheaper without a duty than somewhere else; nor do you. Neither does any one else. But we know that many articles are produced here cheaper than abroad—all of them articles in the production of which labor here is higher than foreign wages. And we believe with good reason that a great many other articles could be produced here, if they are produced abroad. Your friend's question is as pertinent to this proposition as to your specific statement that these articles would amount to ninety per cent of our manufactures.

The reason that we could manufacture cheaper than they can abroad, if it were not for the duty, when we cannot do it with the duty, is that the duty does not fall on the finished product alone, but on the materials as well. Take for illustration

the manufacture of phosphate fertilizers. Our manufacturers of this product can barely compete with the English manufacturers; if there were a duty on the product they could keep the English product out, and might very easily form a trust; but to make their profit the American consumer of fertilizers would be heavily taxed, for if such a duty were imposed our fertilizers would be dearer than the imported article. Now, if instead of putting a duty on fertilizers we abolish the duty on phosphates and acids, our producers of fertilizers could manufacture cheaper than foreigners can. Take an arbitrary illustration which will present the point "on all fours." Here is a finished product worth, considering the effect of duties on material, say \$1; it is protected with a duty of fifty cents, which, if it were not for home competition, would make the price \$1.50; but suppose home competition brings it down to \$1.25, but cannot bring it lower because the land from which the raw material is taken has risen to a point which, with duties on material, will not permit cheaper production. Suppose, also, that the duties on the various grades of material aggregate fifty cents, which the final producer must pay. Suppose, also, that the foreign article is worth seventy-five cents. Now, if you take off the duty on the product, the domestic article will have to sell for seventy-five or go out of the market; and as it cannot be manufactured for less than \$1.25, it will go out of the market unless duties on material are also abolished; in that case it can be manufactured for fifty cents less, or for the same price for which it is manufactured abroad. This will bring down the value of land from which the raw material is produced. Suppose that reduction to one cent, and you have an instance of our ability to manufacture cheaper than foreign countries, if we have no tariff, where we cannot do it with a tariff. The illustration also exhibits the truth that cheap products do not imply cheap labor.

## Land Tax—Profit Sharing.

**PHILADELPHIA**, Pa.—(I) In a talk with a friend he interposed this objection to the land tax theory. He said: "The tax being fixed on a given land value, suppose a center of business which many people want. There can be no extra tax demanded from the land; but should business make the erection of superior buildings necessary, a greater price for the privilege of using the buildings owned by another could be had. Is not this extra price necessarily taken from industry, and is it not really a tax on building, and not on land? Please explain.

(2) Discuss John Wanamaker's profit sharing scheme as exhibited in the papers a few days ago.

WILLIAM FINDLAY.

(1) This objection is so puerile that you ought to be able to answer it off hand. If superior buildings were erected, of course a greater price would be paid for their use; but that would not be because the land was worth more. The extra price, instead of being taken from industry, would be paid to industry. The tax, being fixed on a given land value, would stay fixed as long and no longer than the land value stayed fixed. When the place became a center of business many people wanted the land value would rise, whether superior buildings were erected or not, and when it rose the tax would rise too. But the tax would rise with the rise of the land value, not with the erection of better buildings. These departments of politics and fiction, and also in those of general literature, science, and art, the very best talent of the country will be enlisted.

As the publishers are convinced that the illustration of magazines has been greatly overdone in this country, they have decided to dispense with illustrations altogether. They intend that their magazine shall be read, not that its pages shall merely turn over for the purpose of looking at pictures.

As soon as they have secured the services of Col. Donn Pitt, the author of *Land Tax*, a varied literary experience, both as a journalist and as a litterateur, and also a patriot well known throughout the land by reason of his connection with the history and politics of the country during the past twenty-five years.

He will be assisted by a staff of sub-editors, and also by a large number of able contributors among whom will be

portation facilities in accounting for growth in the west?

LOUIS F. POST.

**IF the Owners Resume Possession of Stolen Goods, of Course the Thief Must be Deprived.**

*Boston Globe*.

It is impossible to reduce taxes in any way that will give relief to the people without disturbing, to some extent, interests that have adjusted themselves to the present state of things. This, however, is true of all taxes on the product they could keep the English product out, and might very easily form a trust; but to make their profit the American consumer of fertilizers would be heavily taxed, for if such a duty were imposed our fertilizers would be dearer than the imported article. Now, if instead of putting a duty on fertilizers we abolish the duty on phosphates and acids, our producers of fertilizers could manufacture cheaper than foreigners can. Take an arbitrary illustration which will present the point "on all fours."

Here is a finished product worth,

considering the effect of duties on material,

say \$1; it is protected with a duty of fifty cents, which, if it were not for home competition, would make the price \$1.50;

but suppose home competition brings it down to \$1.25, but cannot bring it lower because the land from which the raw material is taken has risen to a point which, with duties on material, will not permit cheaper production. Suppose, also, that the duties on the various grades of material aggregate fifty cents, which the final producer must pay. Suppose, also, that the foreign article is worth seventy-five cents. Now, if you take off the duty on the product, the domestic article will have to sell for seventy-five or go out of the market; and as it cannot be manufactured for less than \$1.25, it will go out of the market unless duties on material are also abolished; in that case it can be manufactured for fifty cents less, or for the same price for which it is manufactured abroad. This will bring down the value of land from which the raw material is produced. Suppose that reduction to one cent, and you have an instance of our ability to manufacture cheaper than foreign countries, if we have no tariff, where we cannot do it with a tariff. The illustration also exhibits the truth that cheap products do not imply cheap labor.

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## CURRENT THOUGHT.

In beginning his "Story of Lasserre's Version" Dr. Wright assures us that "I have taken pains, both in France and Italy, to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the leading incidents of the case and shall limit myself to ascertained facts." Were it not for this assurance and that the statements made are fortified with official documents and signatures, an impartial reader would be strongly inclined to believe the "story" the crude invention of some over zealous anti-Catholic. It certainly illustrates in a most remarkable manner the unreliability of a certain class of papal utterances.

Every one in Christendom has heard of "Our Lady of Lourdes." Colonel Henri Lasserre is the man who made her famous.

M. Henri Lasserre was a colonel of artillery in the French army. He was also an old friend of M. de Freycinet. M. Lasserre was troubled with sore eyes, and his friend, M. de Freycinet, knowing him to be a devout man, encouraged him to go to Lourdes, then famous in France for miraculous cures. He went to Lourdes and his eyes got better. His own account of the matter is simple: "Our Lady of Lourdes has cured my sore eyes."

In gratitude M. Henri Lasserre wrote the history of the alleged appearance of the Blessed Virgin Mary to the peasant girl Bernadette of Lourdes. The book was called "Notre Dame de Lourdes."

It was written in charming French. Each incident was narrated with the picturesque directness of a polished French officer, and the persons and localities referred to were set forth in well executed engravings. The book created "Notre Dame de Lourdes."

The archbishop of Albi wrote thus to M. Lasserre: "Sir, our Lady of Lourdes owes you a recompense."

In fact, she owed him everything. For without his prismatic and potent pen the wonders now so famous would scarcely ever have been heard of beyond the little Pyrenean village of Lourdes. The poverty stricken cabins of Lourdes rose into a pretty and prosperous town and the nine days' wonder of the place bloomed out into the greatest miracle of modern times.

The book accomplished a second object, which may interest prose writers generally. It created for M. Henri Lasserre a colossal fortune. One in communication with M. Lasserre declares the work "the greatest book selling success of this century."

No one ever drank once only from a desert fountain, or wrote a successful book and then retired from authorship. Henri Lasserre wrote "Bernadette," "Les Episodes" and "Moi de Marie," but as he was still working on the material exhausted by his great book, his new works added little to either his fame or fortune.

On a happy day he discovered the four gospels. He felt the spell of the simple but profound narratives which reveal Jesus of Nazareth in all the tenderness and loveliness of perfect manhood, and in all the might and majesty of Godhood. He saw that the four-fold story of Jesus was the very book that the French people needed. He believed that the Gospels would be received by joy by his countrymen, and he resolved to prepare for them a version worthy of their acceptance.

Promp and zealous, he began the work of translation, his aim being, not to render the Gospels in the French as it ought to be, but in the French as it was. The result was a living translation, in the sparkling current language of Alexandre Dumas, or rather in the brilliant, picturesque style of Henri Lasserre, so familiar to the faithful in the glowing pages of "Notre Dame de Lourdes."

The work appeared in perfect form. Every page said "read me." The arbitrary divisions of chapters and verses with numbers which trip up Frenchmen who attempt to read the book for the first time, had wholly disappeared. The narrative fell into natural clauses and paragraphs, well spaced out, and the current of the "Book of Life" flowed on the page in abundant light. The Gospel of the Kingdom, encrusted by closely packed type or jerky vers, was made as attractive to the reader as the most trashy novel. The most charming book in the world was printed in such a charming form that "a man of the world or a beginner, a woman of fashion or a servant, might read, understand, enjoy and let it without the help of any one."

To his version of the Gospels, Colonel Lasserre added a remarkable preface. In this he deplores the "notorious fact that the Gospels are scarcely ever read by those who profess to be fervent Catholics, and never by the multitude of the faithful." "The Gospel—the most illustrious book in the world—is becoming an unknown book," and in its place the church has offered for the reading of her disciples books in the majority of which "the sugar of devotion replaces the salt of wisdom, the eternal verities and true teaching of the Gospel become quickly diluted and lost in strange waters, special and party doctrines, aesthetic or mystic considerations, rules of piety, methods, means, processes of perfection, and all sorts of prayers. Many of them are enervating by their intellectual inanity, by their narrowness of conception, by their false ideas, or their absence of ideas, by their absolute ignorance—ignorance of the real world, ignorance of the human heart, ignorance of the true ways of God. But all together, the best as well as the most lamentable, are something else; yes, absolutely something else than the Gospel whose apostolic mission they have noiselessly usurped."

The book was published late in 1886 or early in 1887. On the first page appeared the *imprimatur* of the archbishop of Paris, making known in a formal manner that "the diocesan authority had examined the work and declared that it contained nothing contrary to the doctrine of the church or the edification of the faithful," and that consequently the faithful might read it in perfect safety.

This was backed up by a letter from the pope, written by Cardinal Jacobini, secretary of state of the holy see, and officially communicated through the nuncio of France. The letter, in the original Italian, and in a French translation, followed the title page. It ran as follows:

To M. Henri Lasserre of Paris—Most Illustrious Seignor: The holy father has received in regular course the French translation of the holy gospels which you have undertaken and accomplished, to the delight, and with the approval, of the archiepiscopal authority.

His holiness commissions me to express to you his approval of the object with which you have been inspired in the execution and the publication of that work, so full of interest. He thanks you for the homage of filial devotion which accompanies the volume which you offer him; and he charges me to make known to you his earnest desire that the object which you pursue and which you indicate in the preface of your book, may be fully attained.

(The Power Behind the Pope: The "Story of Lasserre's Version." William Wright, in *Contemporary Review* for May.)

Yielding most willingly to your desire, his holiness sends you, from the bottom of his heart, his apostolic benediction.

And I, myself, profit by this opportunity to declare myself, with much esteem, Your very affectionate servant, L CARDINAL JACOBINI.

Rome, 4th December, 1886.

Such a book, so vouchsafed for, could hardly fail to succeed. And the success of "Les Saints Evangiles" was phenomenal. Within less than a year twenty-five editions were published.

When the book had reached the twenty-fifth edition, a splendid edition was issued "at the request of a great number of bishops and priests." All the ages were called on to illustrate and adorn the universal history of the God-man. The volume is illustrated from the ancient catacombs and from the modern surveys of Palestine. It is adorned with the masterpieces of Perugino, Raphael, Michel Angelo, Fra Angelico, Van Dyck, Albert Durer, Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Lebrun, Overbeck, etc., and with a great many photographs of the places referred to in the gospel narratives. In no instance, as far as I know, have the Gospels ever been published with such wealth of illustration, artistic and accurate. To adopt the language of the editor's preface: "Like the royal magi at the cradle of Jesus Christ, art, history and nature have brought their treasures to illustrate the sacred record of his life here below."

From preliminary matter in this *edition de luxe*, we learn still further "the verdict of the supreme authorities that govern the church." A month after the first letter from Rome, his excellency, the cardinal vicar of his holiness, the illustrious Cardinal Parocchi, wrote a second letter, also dated from the Vatican.

He had not read the entire work, but from what he had read he declares:

The famous author of the History of Notre Dame de Lourdes has just published a French translation of the holy gospels, which is an illumination of genius. He has done a great service to the church, to the honest French, and to every one who reads the life of the late Lord Shaftesbury may see. The whole tendency in Christian countries now is, not to treat labor as a commodity, but to raise the status of labor; not to abolish property, but to make it possible and as easy as possible that every man shall possess property. Work in this direction is going on, and the more it is accelerated the better. But we must use and encourage a great variety of means—trades unions, conferences between employers and employees, boards of arbitration, co-operative undertakings, education—meaning thereby the development of character and not mere instruction in vocables, training in political and social questions, ceaseless improvement in the laws of every country to meet every evil or shortcoming proved to exist, and in the widest sense the preaching of the gospel unfettered by pews rents or patronage. The tendency of the times is all in the direction of complete equality. The triumph of democracy certainly means this. But the work cannot be done by one stroke. There is a long stairway to climb, to the top of which we shall get most surely by taking one step at a time.

Thirdly, there is Malthus. Dr. Grant, who, however carefully he may have studied the rest of the volume, has evidently merely glanced at Book II of "Progress and Poverty," asserts that Henry George is evidently but superficially acquainted with the writings of Malthus. "Malthus's main position," he tells us, "that all living things, animal and vegetable, tend to increase more rapidly than the means of subsistence," has been "found to be simply incontrovertible."

But men cry loudly, Are you not libeling Providence in asserting that people tend to increase more quickly than their food. We need not be eager to vindicate the ways of God. . . . Even when the voice of the Almighty breaks in on the noisy clamor of Job's friends, it is not to reveal to Job the mystery of his sufferings, but to ask, Will you, who know not why I made or how I control even the stars and the brutes, presume to question that I may use poverty, bereavement and pain as ministers of good to man?

Fourthly, Dr. Grant denies that increase in population and improvement in the methods and powers of production tend constantly to increase the proportion of the aggregate produce which is taken in rent, and to reduce that which goes to wages and interest:

Little wonder that they cannot believe!

That they cannot help asking, Would the poverty that has been the destruction of the poor from time immemorial; would the unspeakable suffering, degradation, and crime that have been the long entail of humanity; would the overwhelming sins and sorrows of the great cities of Christendom and heathendom have all been escaped, if only this simple remedy had been discovered sooner?

It is curious to observe the frequency with which this charge of oversimplification is brought by Christian ministers. One would think that all men should be the readiest to find in the very simplicity of the single tax argument in its favor. For what can be simpler than the remedy that they themselves urge men to accept for spiritual poverty? The road to the kingdom of God in heaven is straight and easy to find. Why should the road to the kingdom of God on earth be necessarily tortuous and difficult to learn? The argument from analogy, at least, is opposed to their assumption.

Grant's avowed—or it may be more correct to say, his conscious objections to the single tax doctrine are very plainly put:

First, is the problem correctly stated? Is it true that under the present system the rich are becoming richer and the poor poorer, and that "material progress actually produces poverty?" . . . The fact is, that so far as statistics have been adduced they prove the very opposite of that which Mr. George has assumed. The report of the commission on trade depression in Great Britain shows that the working classes are steadily getting a better share of the good things of life. Mr. Goschen's inaugural address as president of the royal statistical society proves, further, that wealth in the same country is being more evenly distributed, and that the great central body of society is being reinforced both from below and from above.

Other statistics, such as the enormous deposits in savings banks, benefit societies, co-operative undertakings, and similar investments, lead to the same conclusion. Indeed, the statistics are all on one side. Mr. Harris points out that the United States now produces as a nation forty cents daily per inhabitant. The average rate in 1850 was only twenty-five cents, and the forty cents now purchases more than forty-two cents did in 1850. . . . According to the census each person enrolled in a gainful occupation supports on an average two and nine-tenths persons. It follows that if all production was distributed pro rata to the wage earners, nothing whatever going for interest, for rent, for superior skill or wages of superintendence, each could receive only \$34.80 per month. But we know that in most of the states skilled labor receives much higher wages. If some persons get more than the average sum of \$34.80 per month it is clear that others must get less. What laborers get less than the average annual product. It is easy to reply; it is the farm laborer, who gets only \$22.29 without board, etc. . . . Poverty persists, but so far as can be ascertained it is not true that the rich are growing richer and fewer, and the poor are growing poorer and more numerous; the middle classes are growing poorer and fewer."

Secondly, Mr. George, in proceeding to examine why wages tend to the minimum of a bare living, lays down as his fundamental proposition "that wages, instead of being drawn from capital, are in reality drawn from the product of the labor for which they are paid." . . . And he sums up, "the payment of wages in production, no matter how long the process, never involves any advance of capital or even temporarily lessens capital."

Can the congregation of the index annual be ascertained of the object with which you have been inspired in the execution and the publication of that work, so full of interest. He thanks you for the homage of filial devotion which accompanies the volume which you offer him; and he charges me to make known to you his earnest desire that the object which you pursue and which you indicate in the preface of your book, may be fully attained.

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